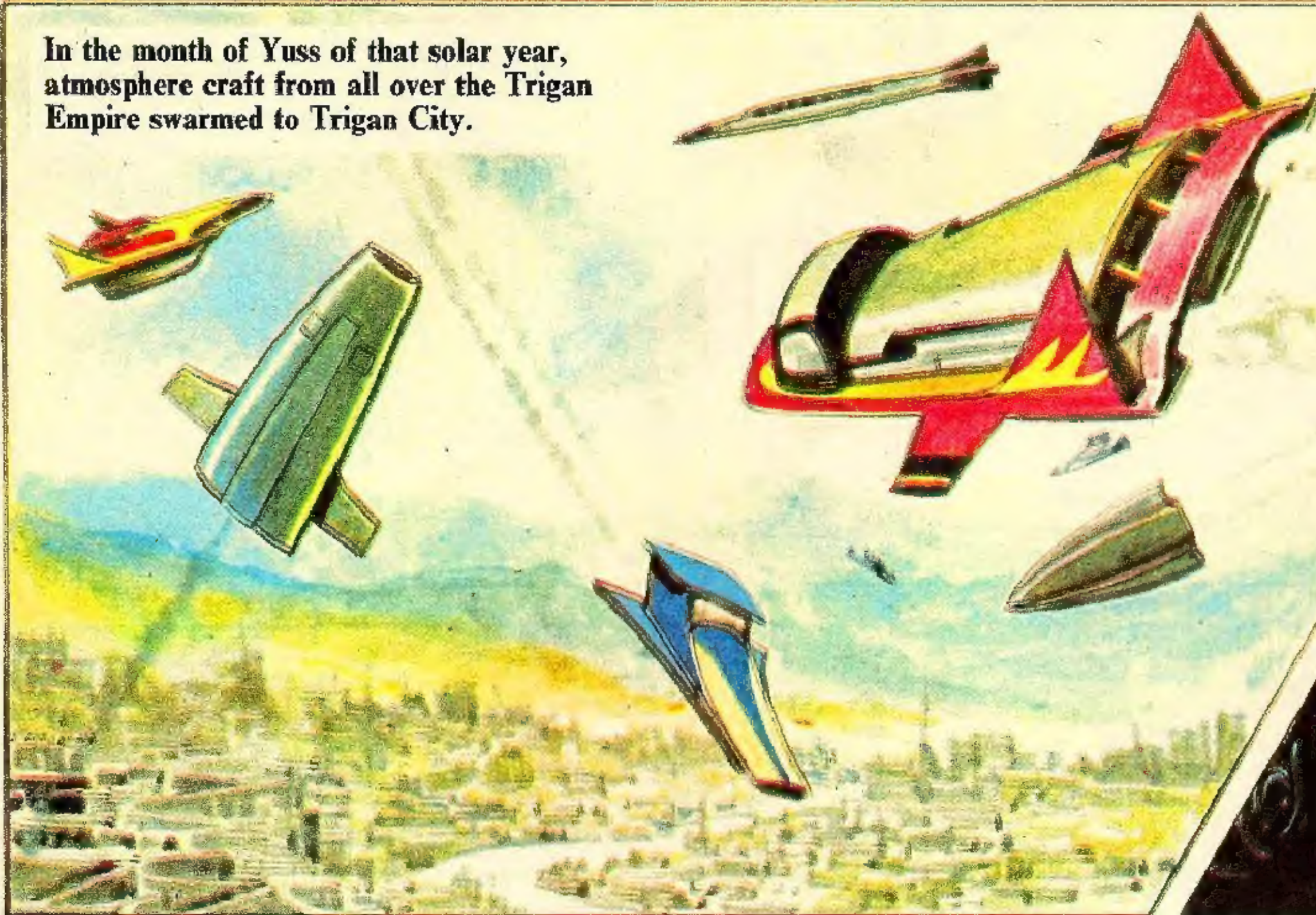


# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

The Planet Elekton lies in the galaxy of Yarna, and the greatest power on Elekton is the Trigan Empire, ruled over by its founder, the Emperor Trigo.

But Trigo has just announced that he intends to abdicate.

In the month of Yuss of that solar year, atmosphere craft from all over the Trigan Empire swarmed to Trigan City.

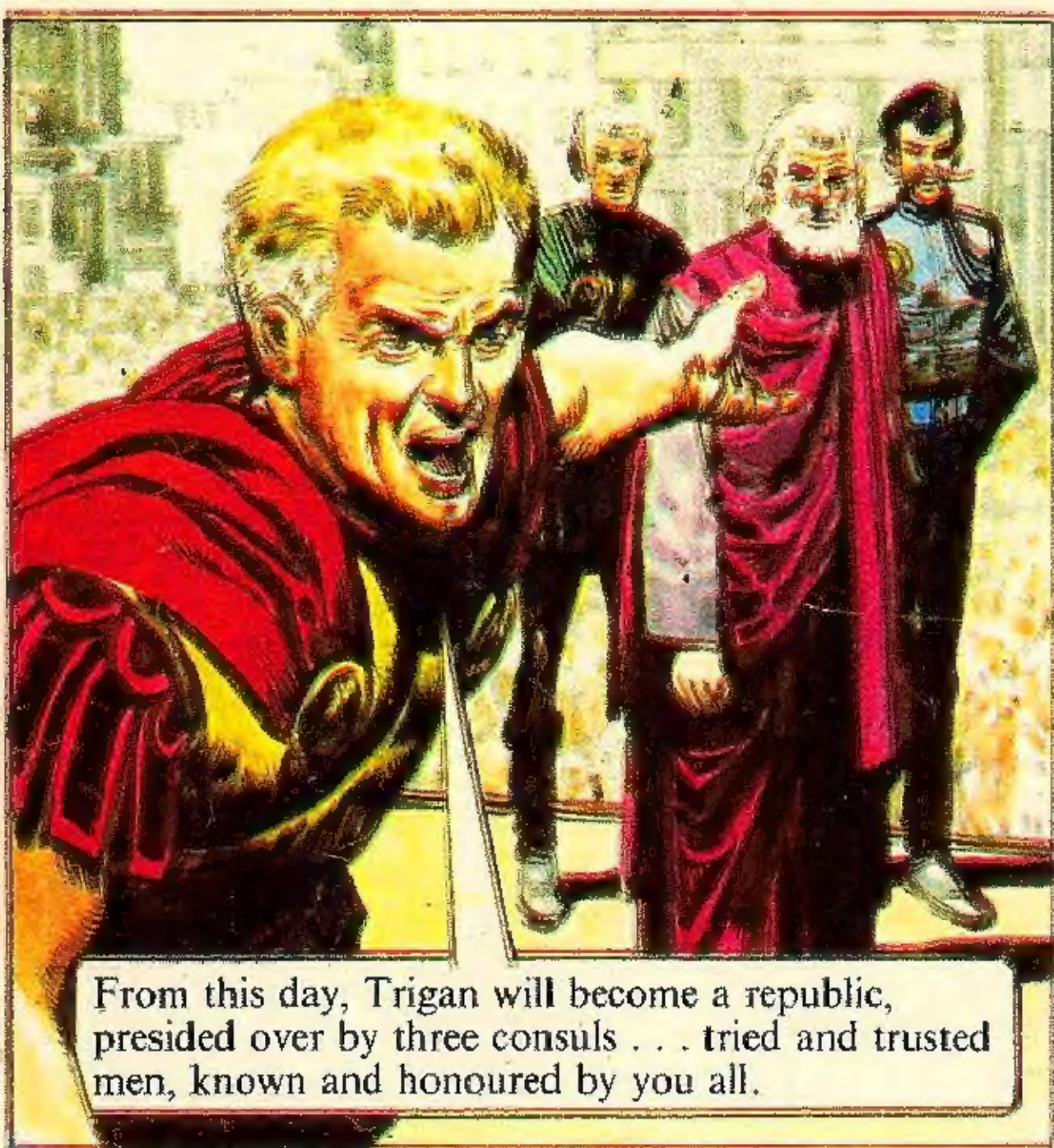


On an appointed day, massed crowds stood breathless as Trigo appeared before them in the great city square.



My people! As you know, I believe that my work for the Empire is done.

Then came the solemn moment of abdication.



From this day, Trigan will become a republic, presided over by three consuls . . . tried and trusted men, known and honoured by you all.

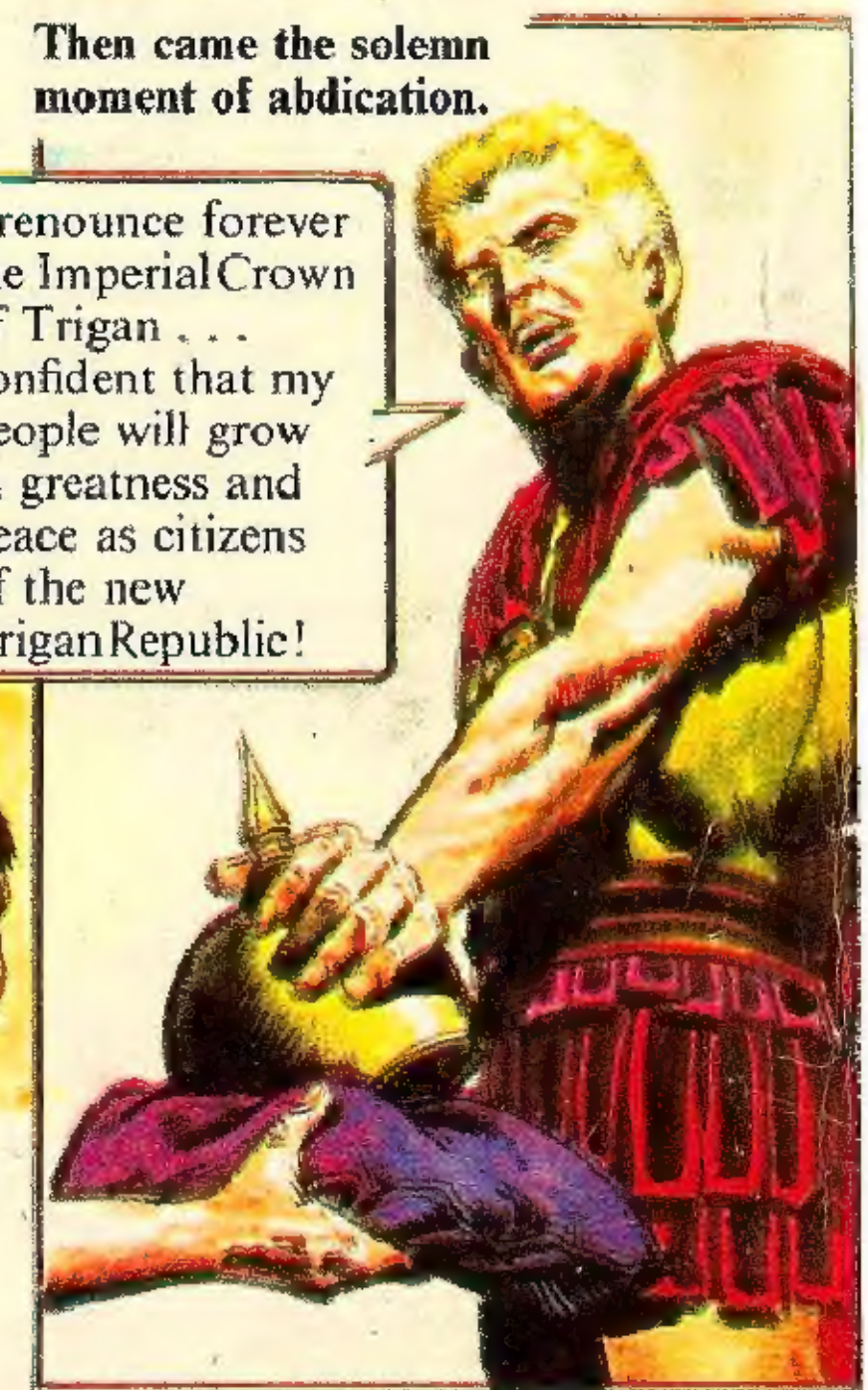
My brother Brag . . . a faithful bulwark of the old Empire!



Peric . . . Elekton's greatest scientist and one of the wisest men who ever lived on this planet!

Marshal Zeros . . . chief of the air fleet!

I renounce forever the Imperial Crown of Trigan . . . confident that my people will grow in greatness and peace as citizens of the new Trigan Republic!



The following day, a private citizen named Trigo boarded the craft which was to take him on a long journey of exploration to a distant part of the planet. With him went his young nephew Janno.

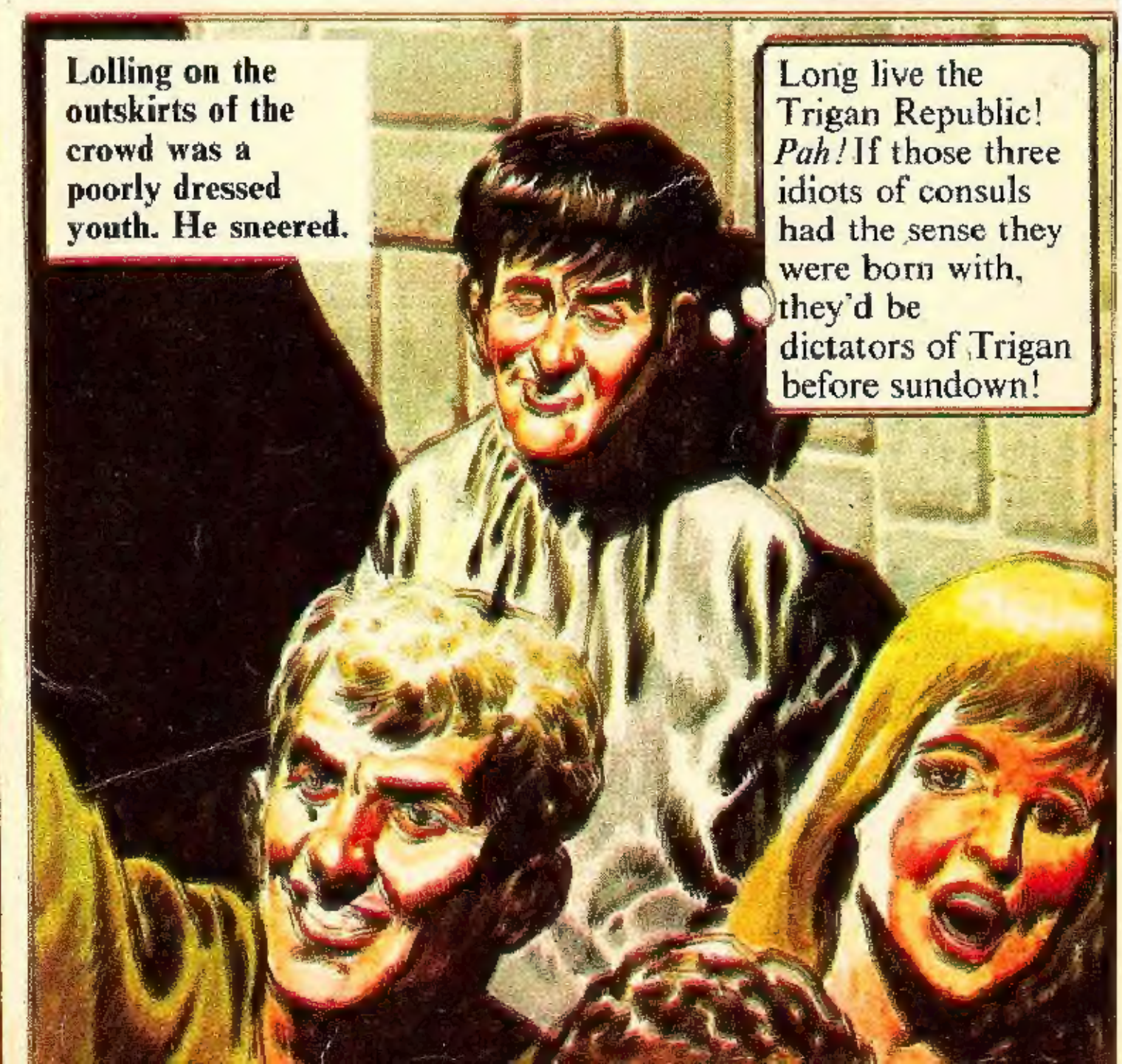
Farewell! Long live the Trigan Republic!

Good luck go with you, Trigo!



Lolling on the outskirts of the crowd was a poorly dressed youth. He sneered.

Long live the Trigan Republic! Pah! If those three idiots of consuls had the sense they were born with, they'd be dictators of Trigan before sundown!







He was a penniless student of mathematics named Yorro. That evening he returned to his lodgings to find . . . trouble.

Hey! what are you doing with my things?

Putting them out in the street . . . and you with them! I'm letting the room to a tenant who can pay his rent!



With no money and no family, Yorro could only find shelter in a cave beyond the city walls.

Money! If only I had money!

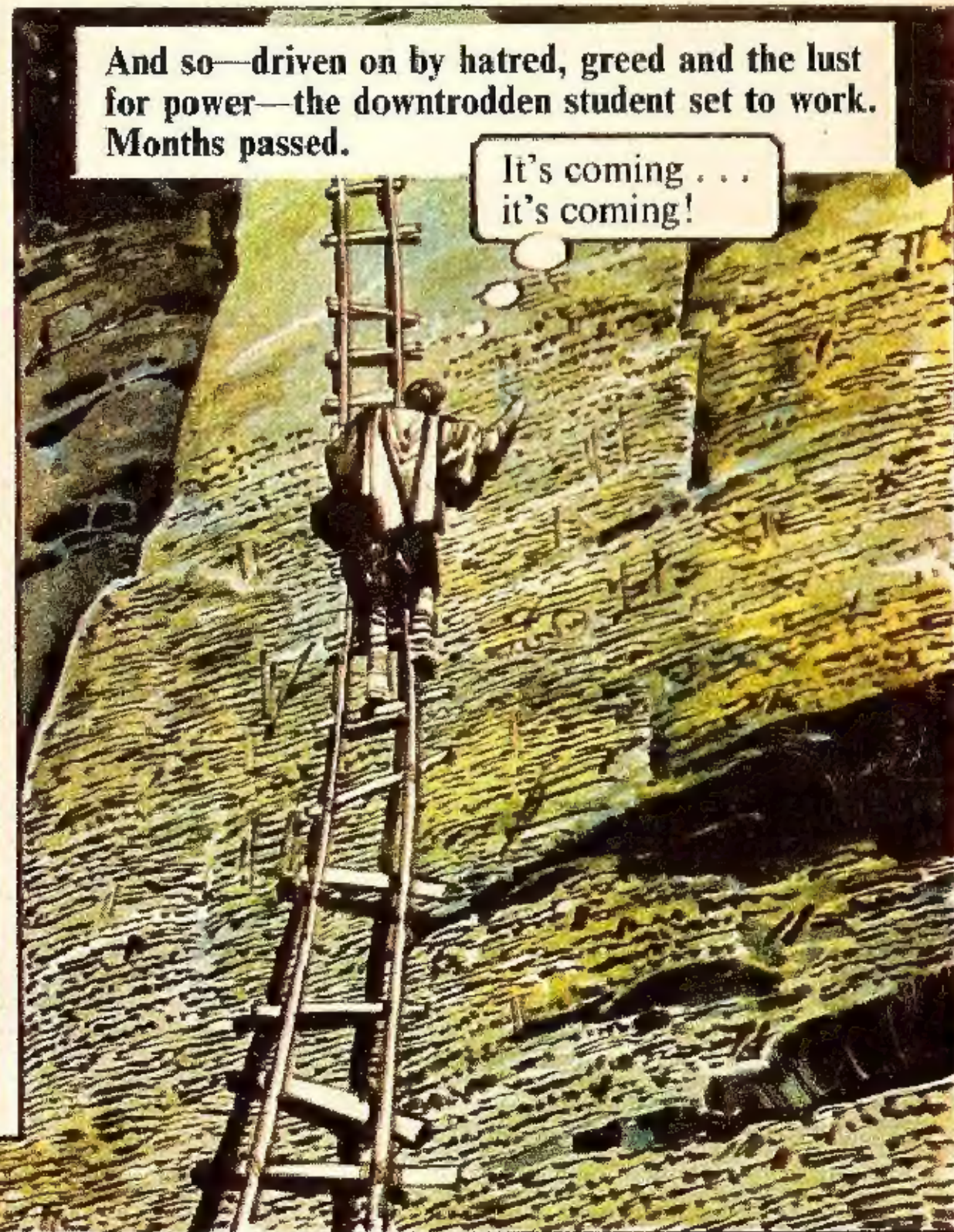


Riches enough to buy power and glory! Enough to buy the wretched Trigan Republic! Enough to buy the whole accursed planet and make the masses kneel in terror before me!



And then . . . a wild idea occurred to him. He made some hasty calculations on the wall.

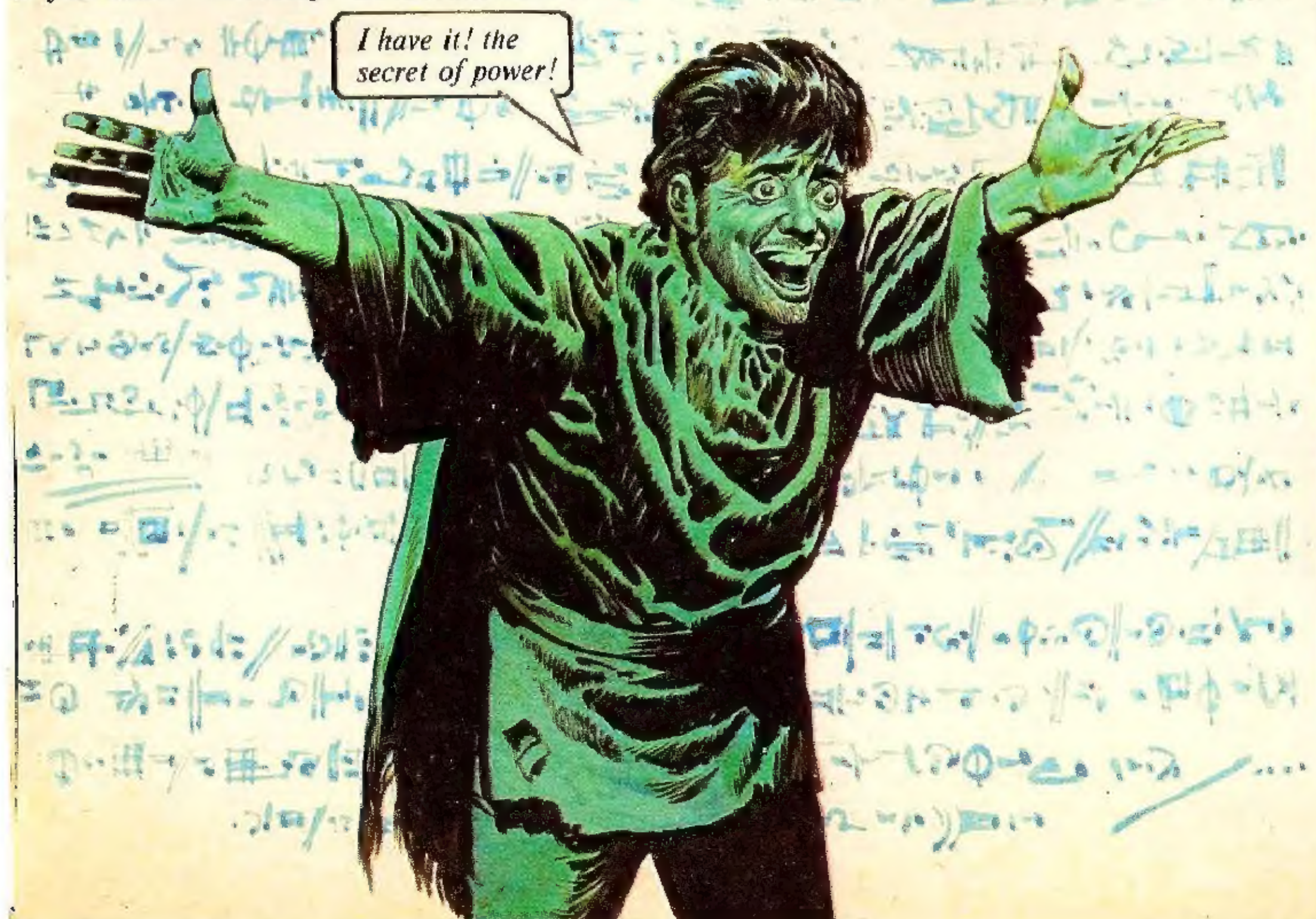
Could it be done? Yes! It looks a fantastic, remote possibility!



And so—driven on by hatred, greed and the lust for power—the downtrodden student set to work. Months passed.

It's coming . . . it's coming!

A year later . . . unkempt and half-starved . . .



I have it! the secret of power!



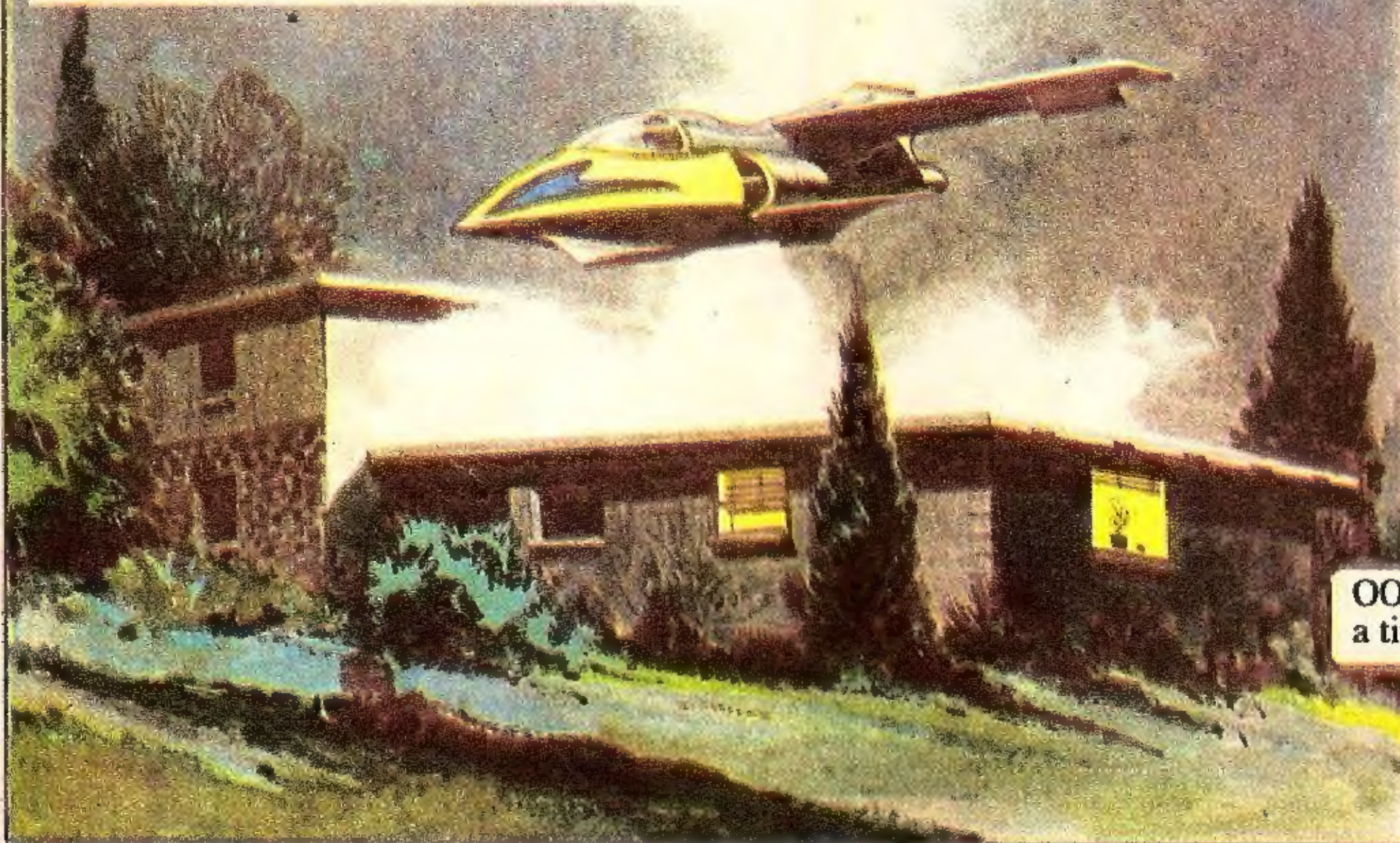
Three numbers which hold the key to the domination of the planet Elekton!



# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Trigo has abdicated the Imperial Throne, and the Trigan Empire has become a republic. But then a poor student of mathematics named Yorro . . . driven by bitterness and ambition . . . discovers three numbers which hold the key to the domination of the planet Elekton.

Late one evening, a private atmosphere craft descended on to the flat roof of a sumptuous mansion in Trigan City.



A richly-dressed citizen alighted from the craft. He was Yars Nobrick, a prominent merchant, and this was his home.



OOOOOOOH! It's been a tiring day.

He never saw his attacker!

Take that, moneybags!



UUUUFFF!

Moments later, the student Yorro was wearing the merchant's clothes and climbing into his craft.



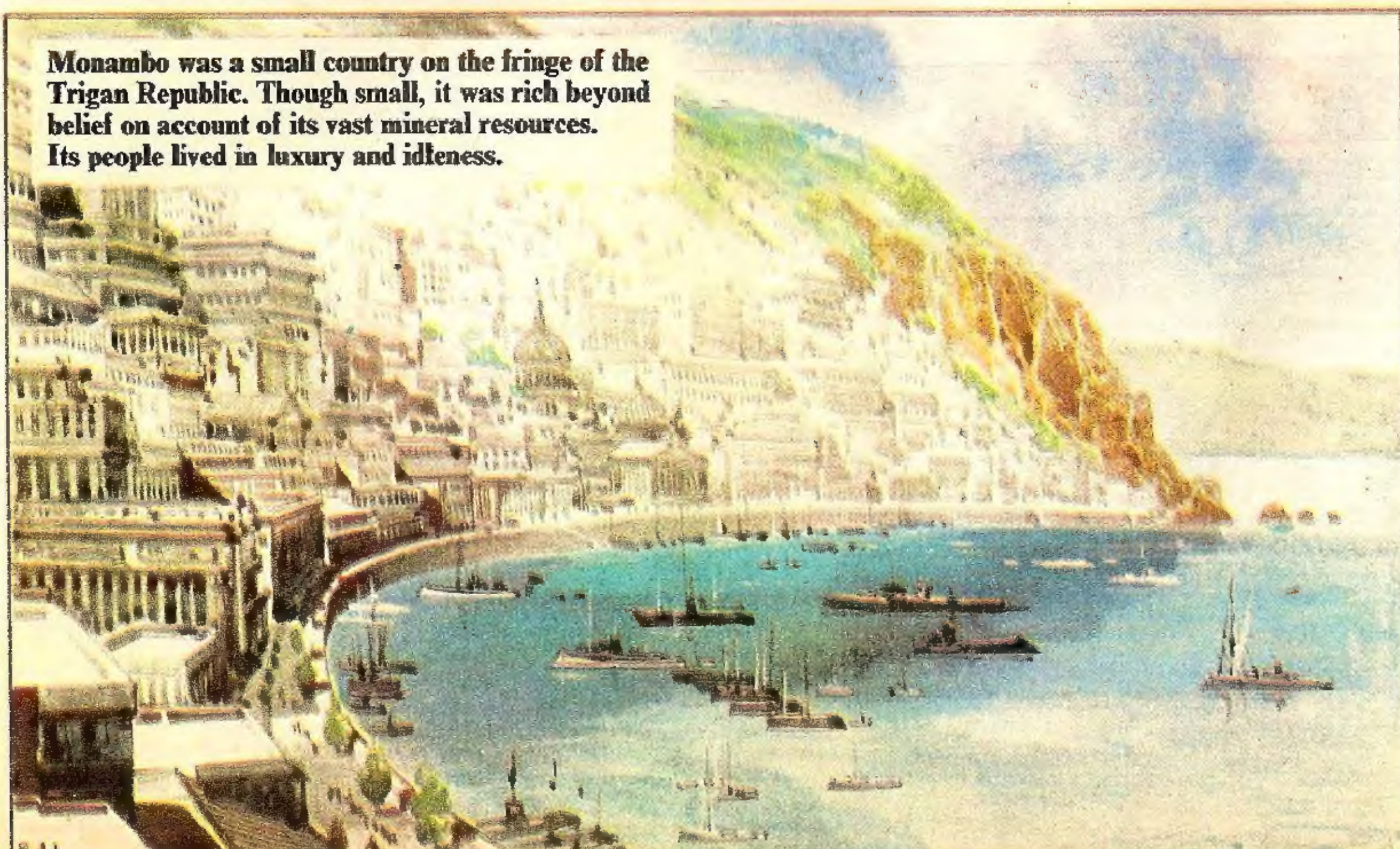
And now . . . to Monambo!

As he flew over the sleeping city, he looked down.

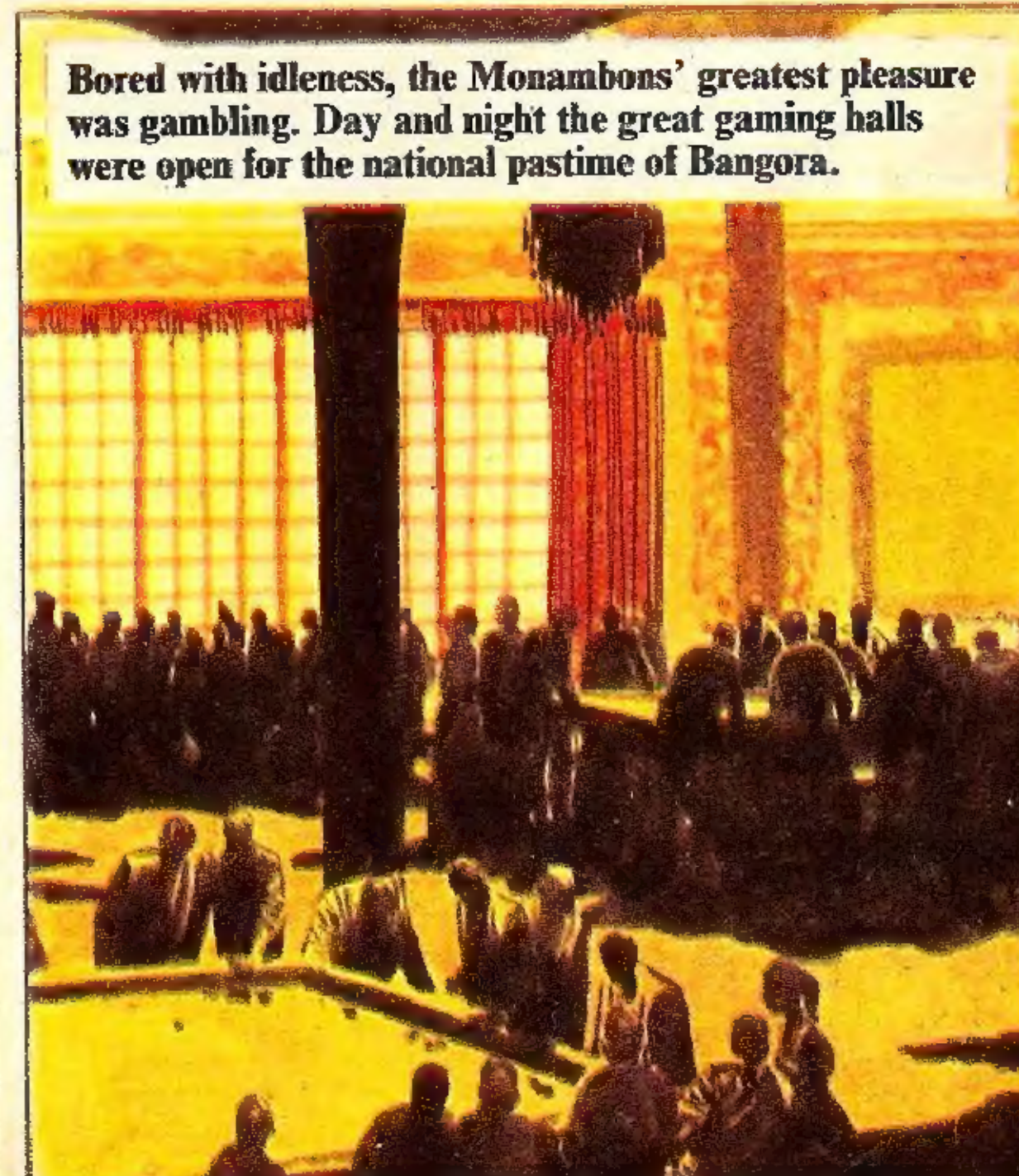
When I return here, it will be to *buy* Trigan City!



Monambo was a small country on the fringe of the Trigan Republic. Though small, it was rich beyond belief on account of its vast mineral resources. Its people lived in luxury and idleness.



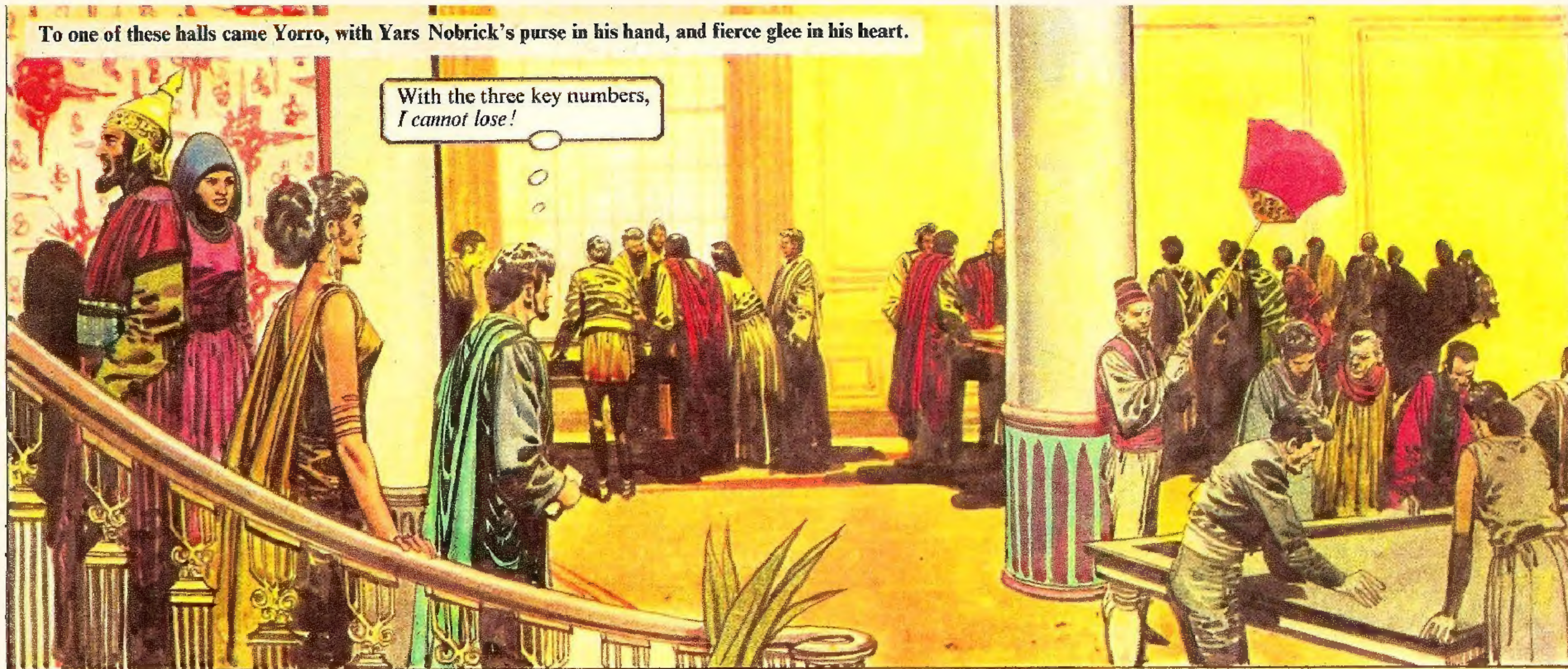
Bored with idleness, the Monambons' greatest pleasure was gambling. Day and night the great gaming halls were open for the national pastime of Bangora.





To one of these halls came Yorro, with Yars Nobrick's purse in his hand, and fierce glee in his heart.

With the three key numbers,  
I cannot lose!



He staked all his  
stolen money on the  
three fateful  
numbers ... And ...

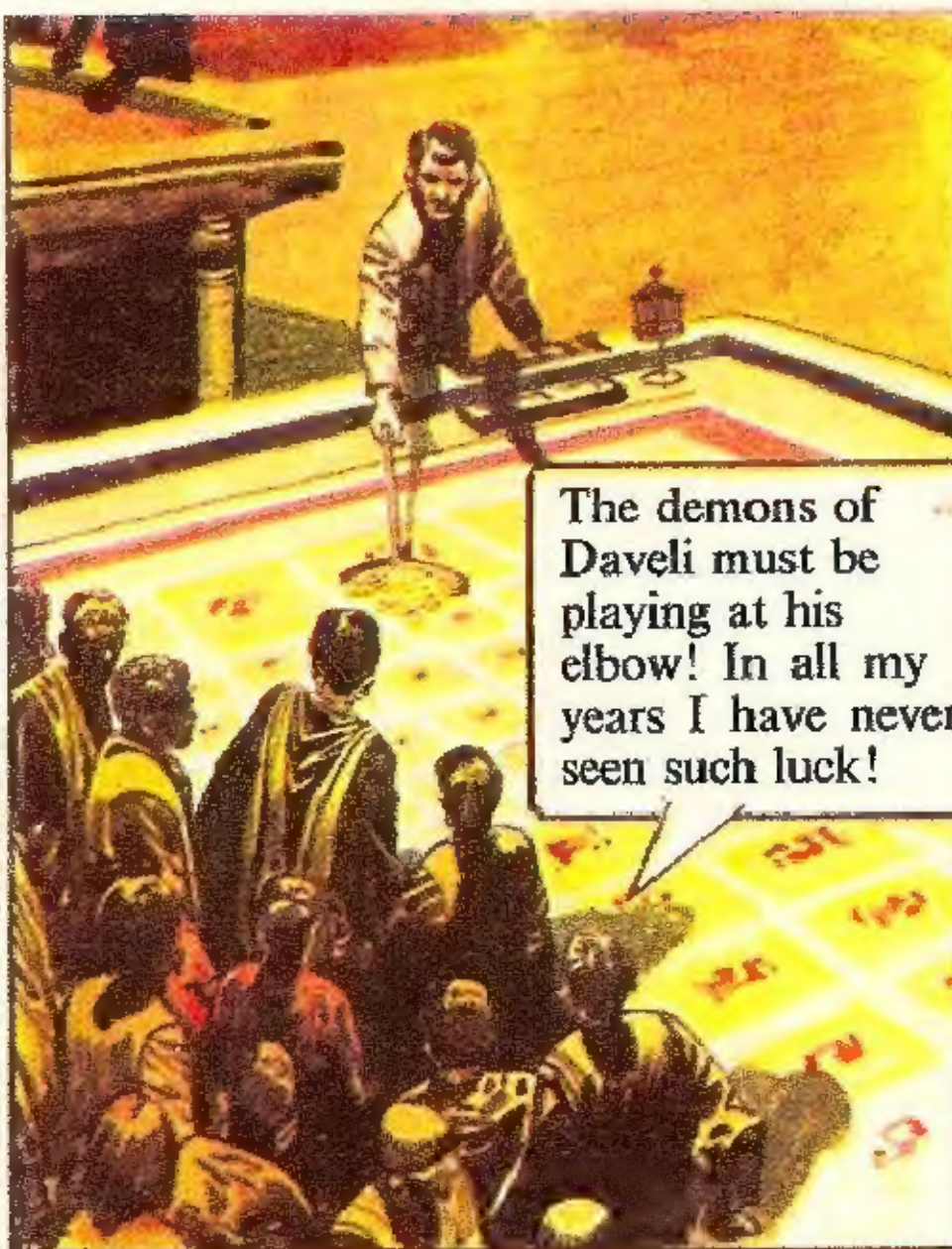
You win all,  
master!

By the stars!



He played all that day ... alone ... for the  
others soon gave up and crowded to watch  
the fabulously-lucky stranger.

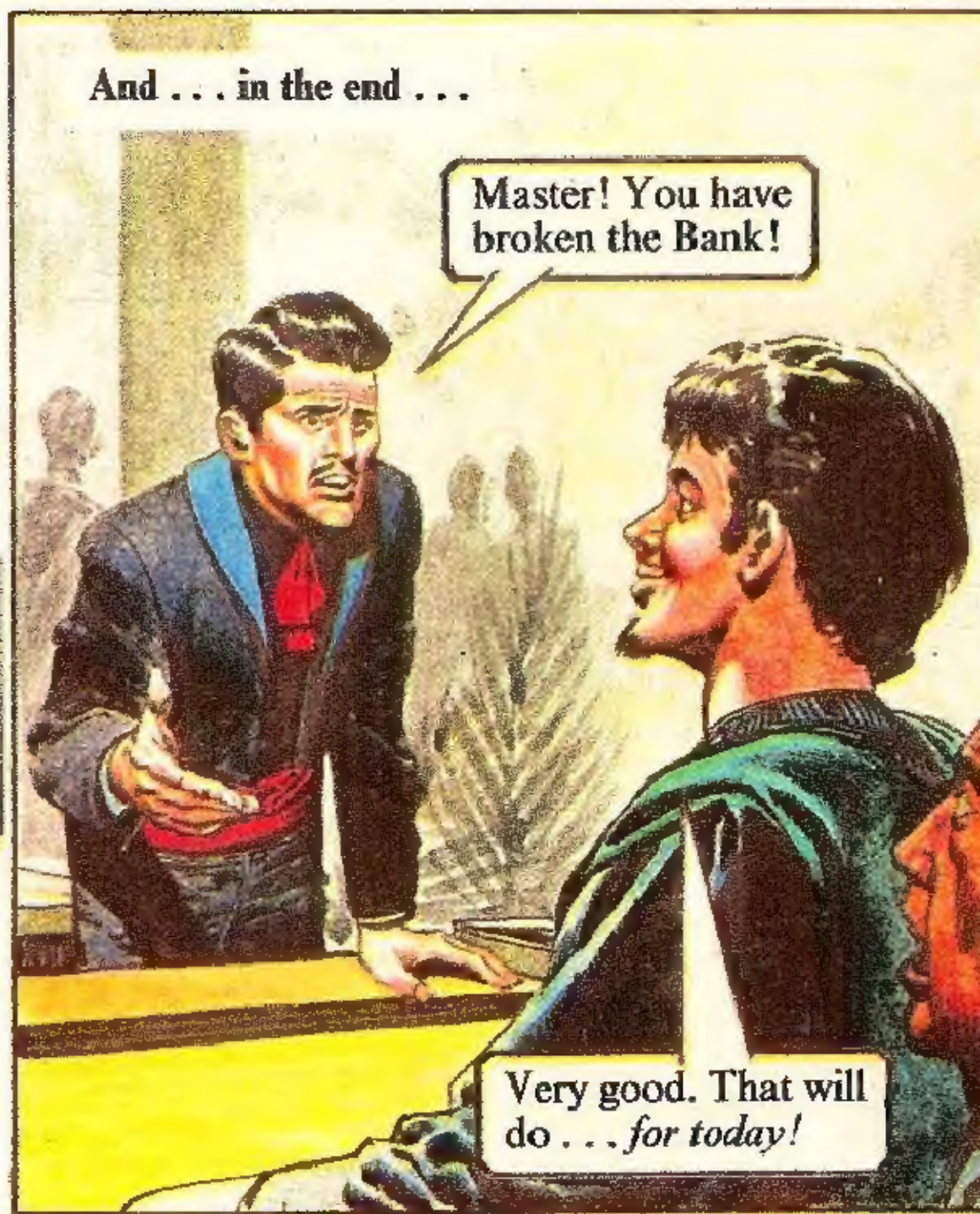
The demons of  
Daveli must be  
playing at his  
elbow! In all my  
years I have never  
seen such luck!



And ... in the end ...

Master! You have  
broken the Bank!

Very good. That will  
do ... for today!



That night, he took a suite of chambers  
in the city's most sumptuous inn.

Empty the money  
on to the floor  
... there!

And then ... he bathed  
in his riches!

Heh! Heh! Heh!  
It's mine!  
All mine!



Within days, I can buy the  
Trigan Republic ... and after  
that ... the whole planet!





# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

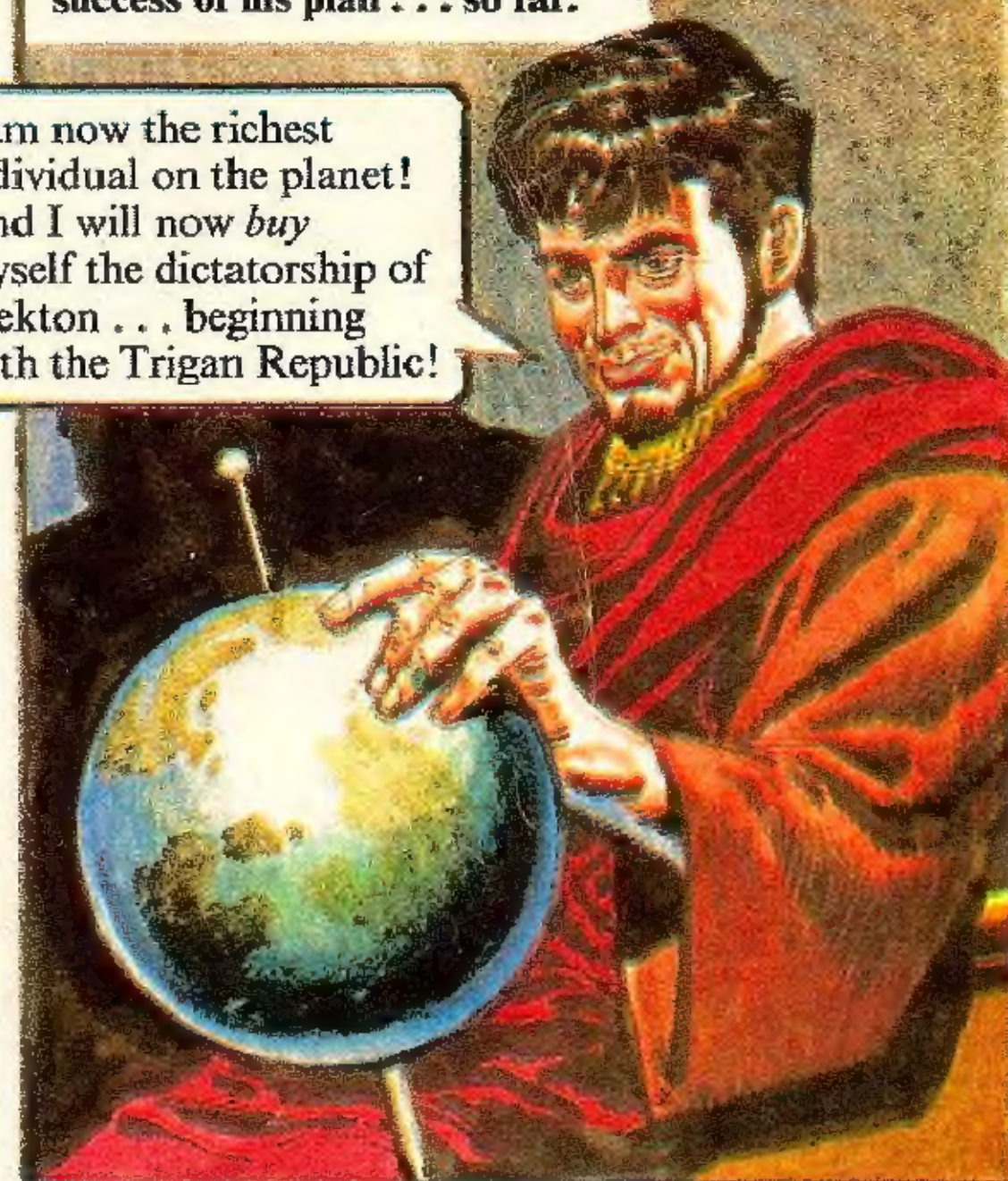
Trigo has abdicated the Imperial Throne, and the Trigan Empire has become a republic presided over by three consuls. A poor student of mathematics named Yorro works out three numbers which hold the key to the domination of the planet Elekton.



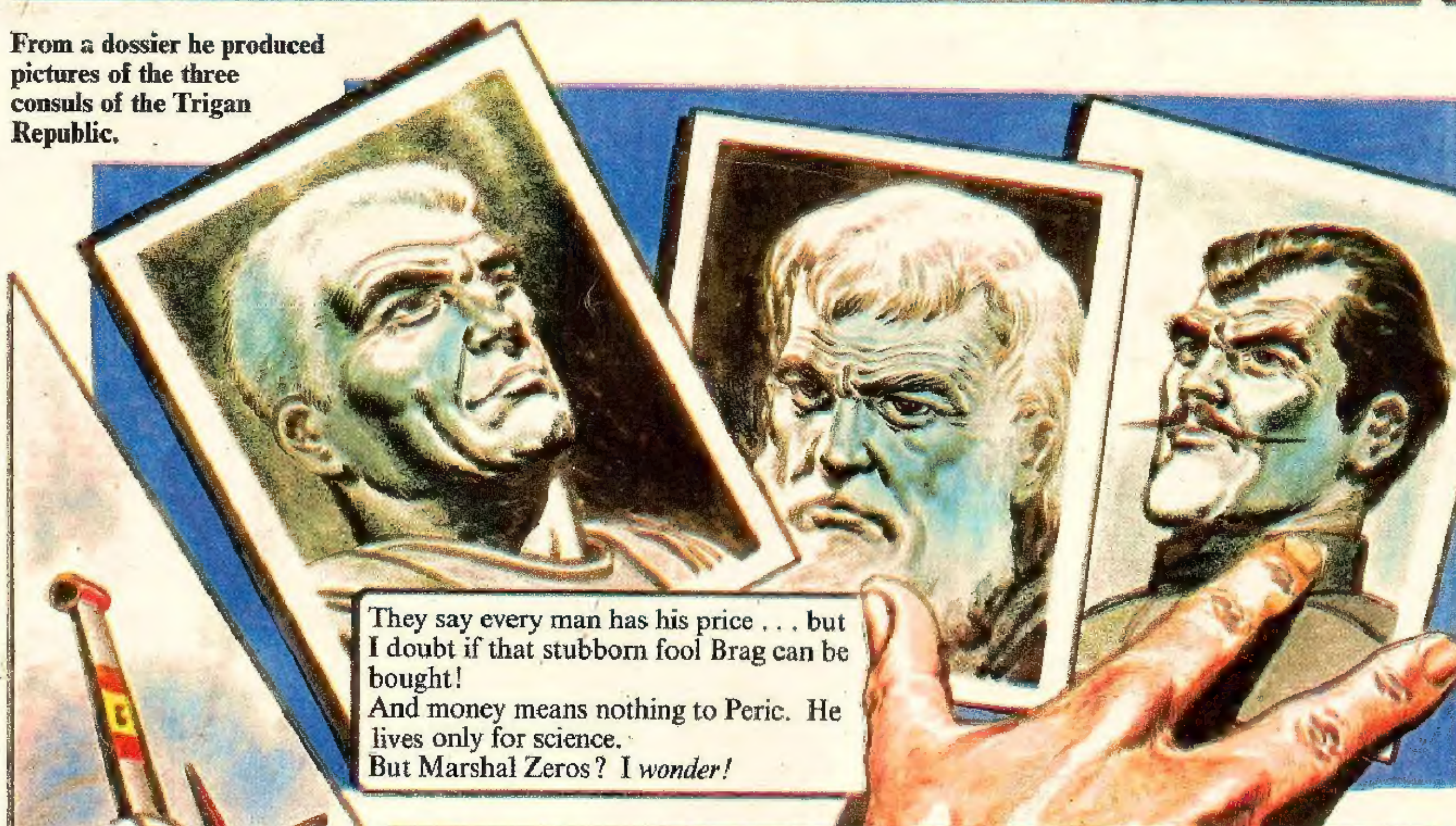
They spoke of him as "the man who broke the bank at Monambo."

Yorro was well pleased with the success of his plan . . . so far.

I am now the richest individual on the planet! And I will now buy myself the dictatorship of Elekton . . . beginning with the Trigan Republic!

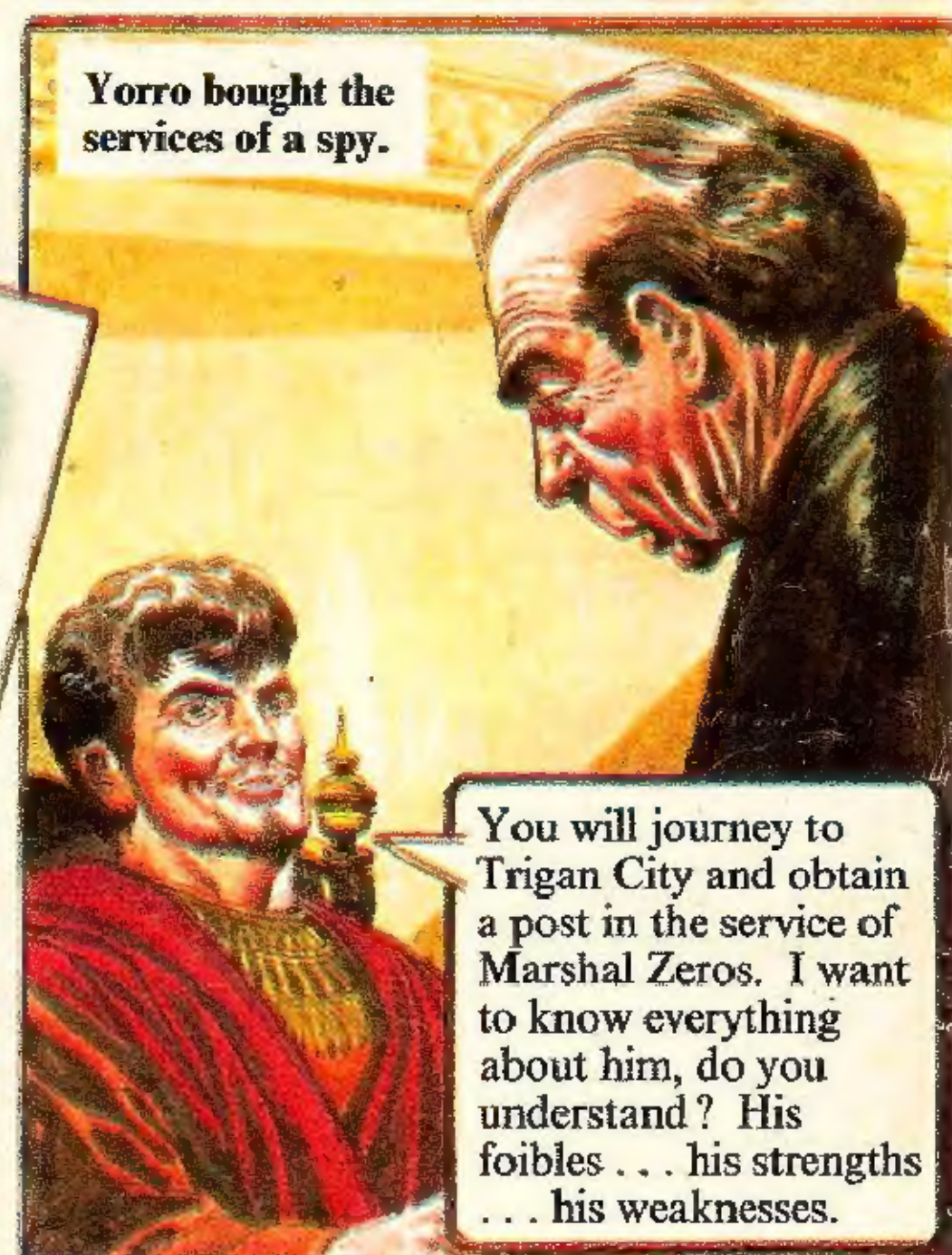


From a dossier he produced pictures of the three consuls of the Trigan Republic.



They say every man has his price . . . but I doubt if that stubborn fool Brag can be bought! And money means nothing to Peric. He lives only for science. But Marshal Zeros? I wonder!

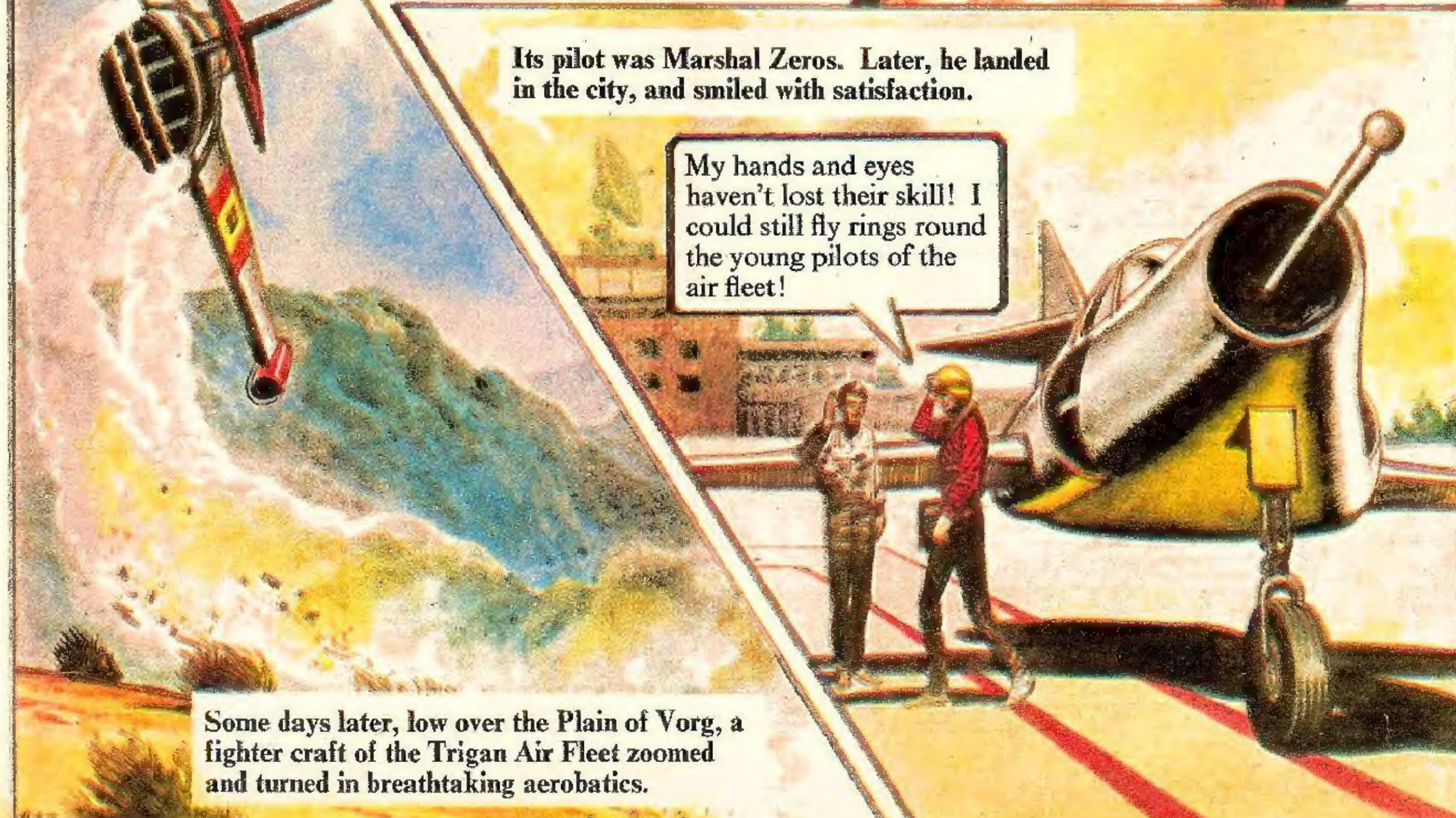
Yorro bought the services of a spy.



You will journey to Trigan City and obtain a post in the service of Marshal Zeros. I want to know everything about him, do you understand? His foibles . . . his strengths . . . his weaknesses.

Its pilot was Marshal Zeros. Later, he landed in the city, and smiled with satisfaction.

My hands and eyes haven't lost their skill! I could still fly rings round the young pilots of the air fleet!



Some days later, low over the Plain of Vorg, a fighter craft of the Trigan Air Fleet zoomed and turned in breathtaking aerobatics.

He flew every morning before breakfast, and then returned to his mansion.

You will serve my meal in the art gallery.

Yes, Marshal.





The greatest delight of his life was his collection of statuary, gathered from all corners of the planet.

Ah, my beauties . . . what joy you give me!



Later, he noticed a strange face.

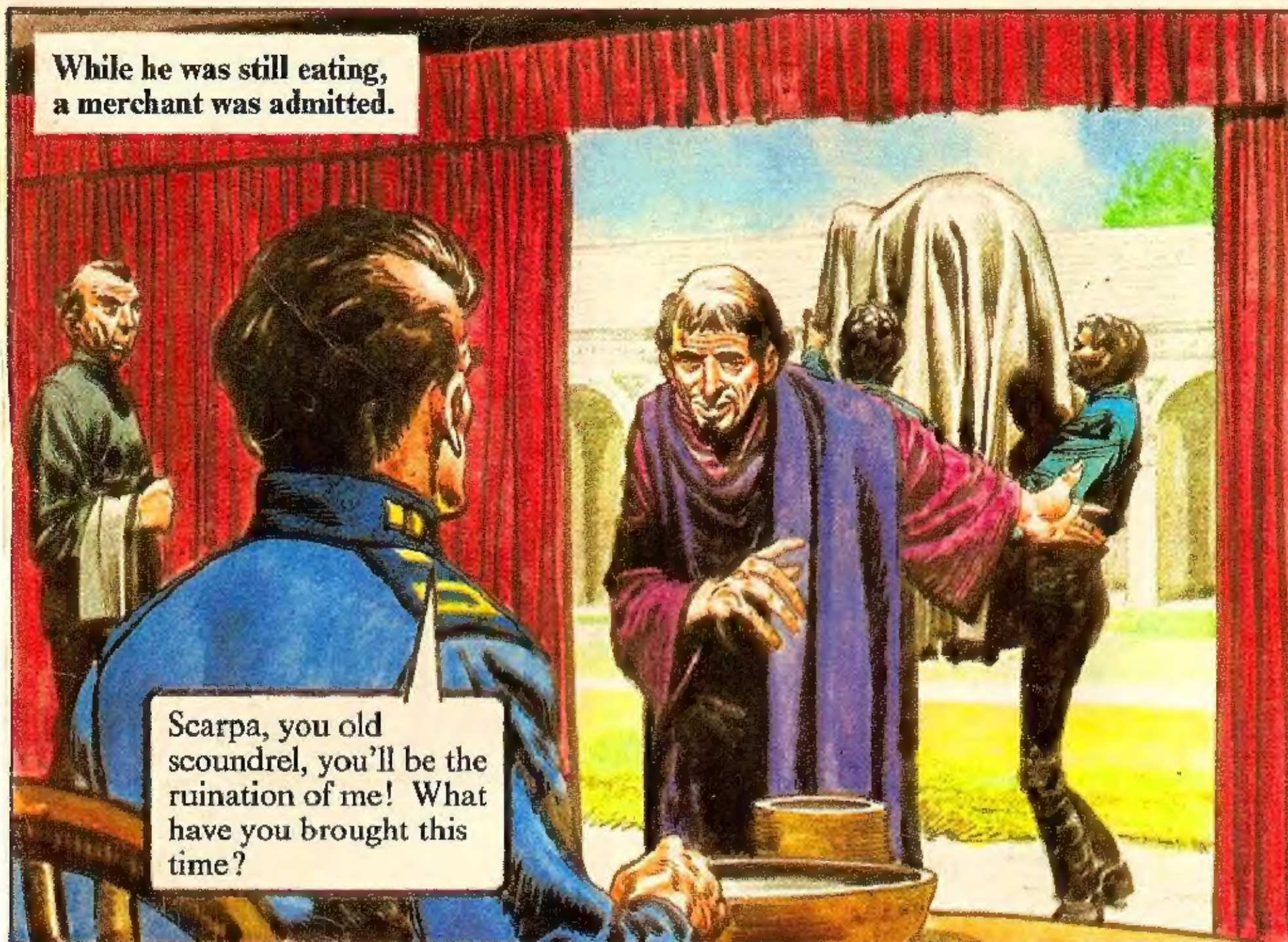
New, are you? What's your name?

Norro, Sir.



While he was still eating, a merchant was admitted.

Scarpa, you old scoundrel, you'll be the ruination of me! What have you brought this time?



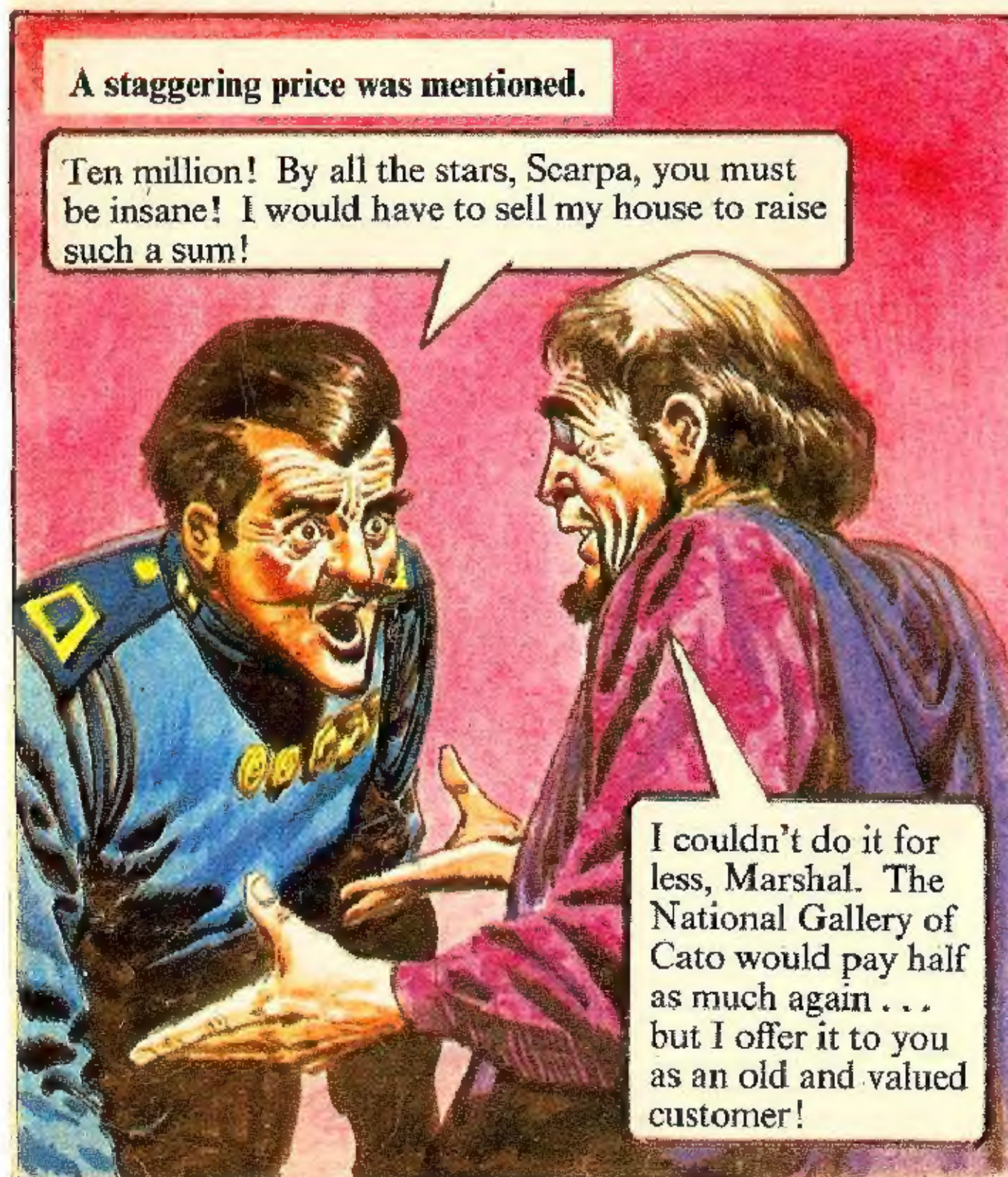
What you have always craved, Marshal! The famous statue from the ruined Temple of Warriors in Tharv . . . and I offer it to you!



A staggering price was mentioned.

Ten million! By all the stars, Scarpa, you must be insane! I would have to sell my house to raise such a sum!

I couldn't do it for less, Marshal. The National Gallery of Cato would pay half as much again . . . but I offer it to you as an old and valued customer!



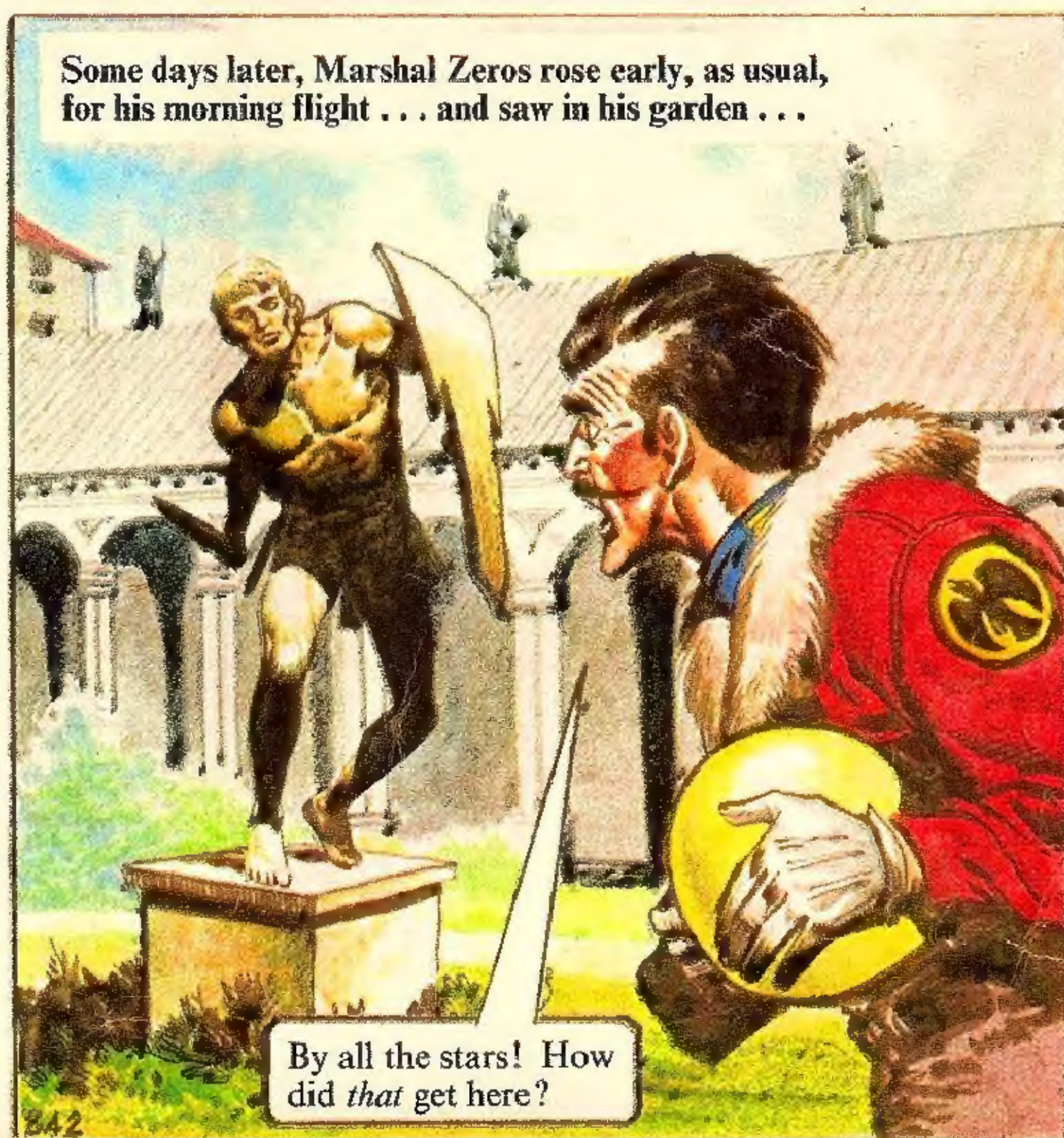
The merchant was sent on his way disappointed . . . and a thin smile flickered on the lips of the new servant.



I think I have found the answer!

Some days later, Marshal Zeros rose early, as usual, for his morning flight . . . and saw in his garden . . .

By all the stars! How did that get here?



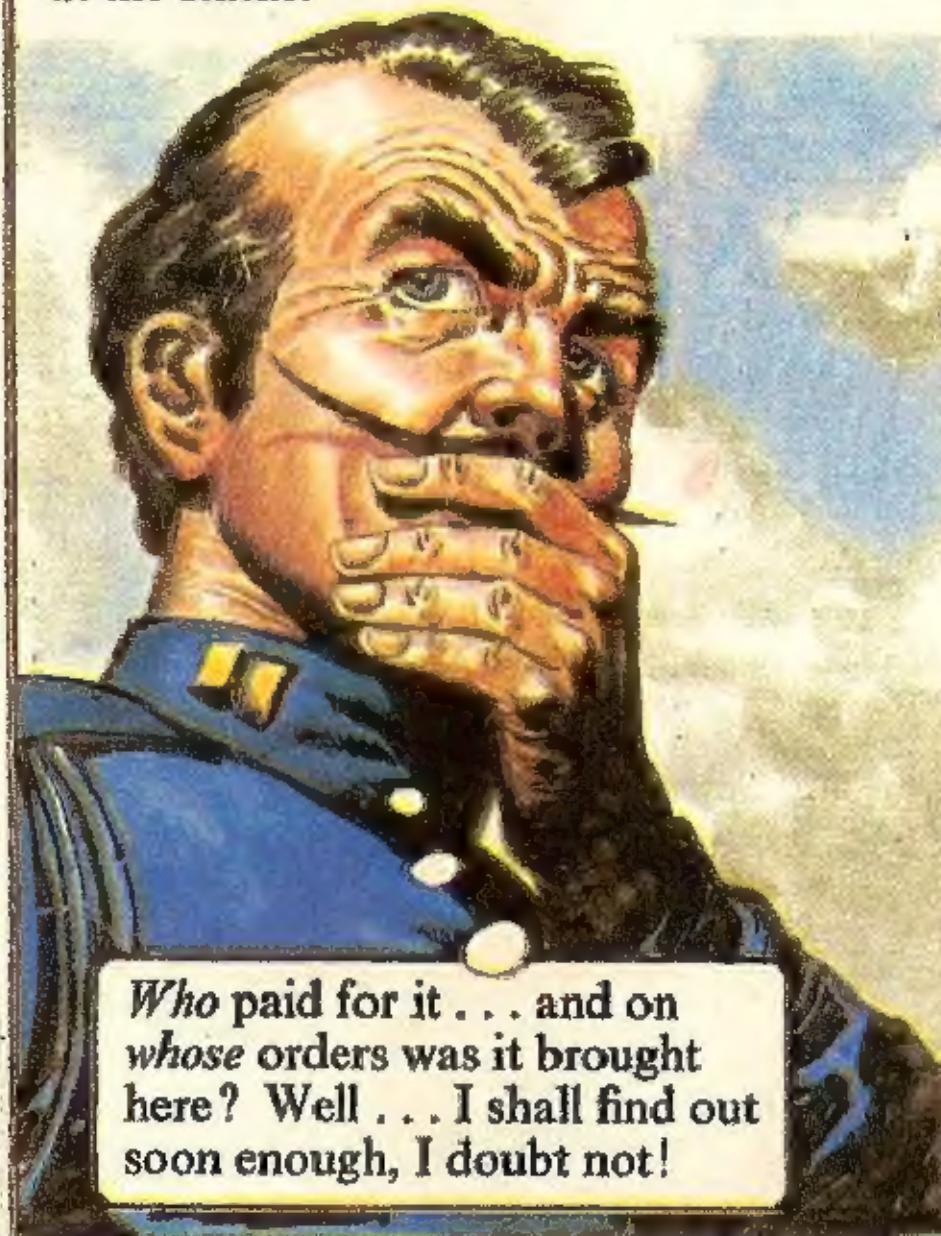


# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

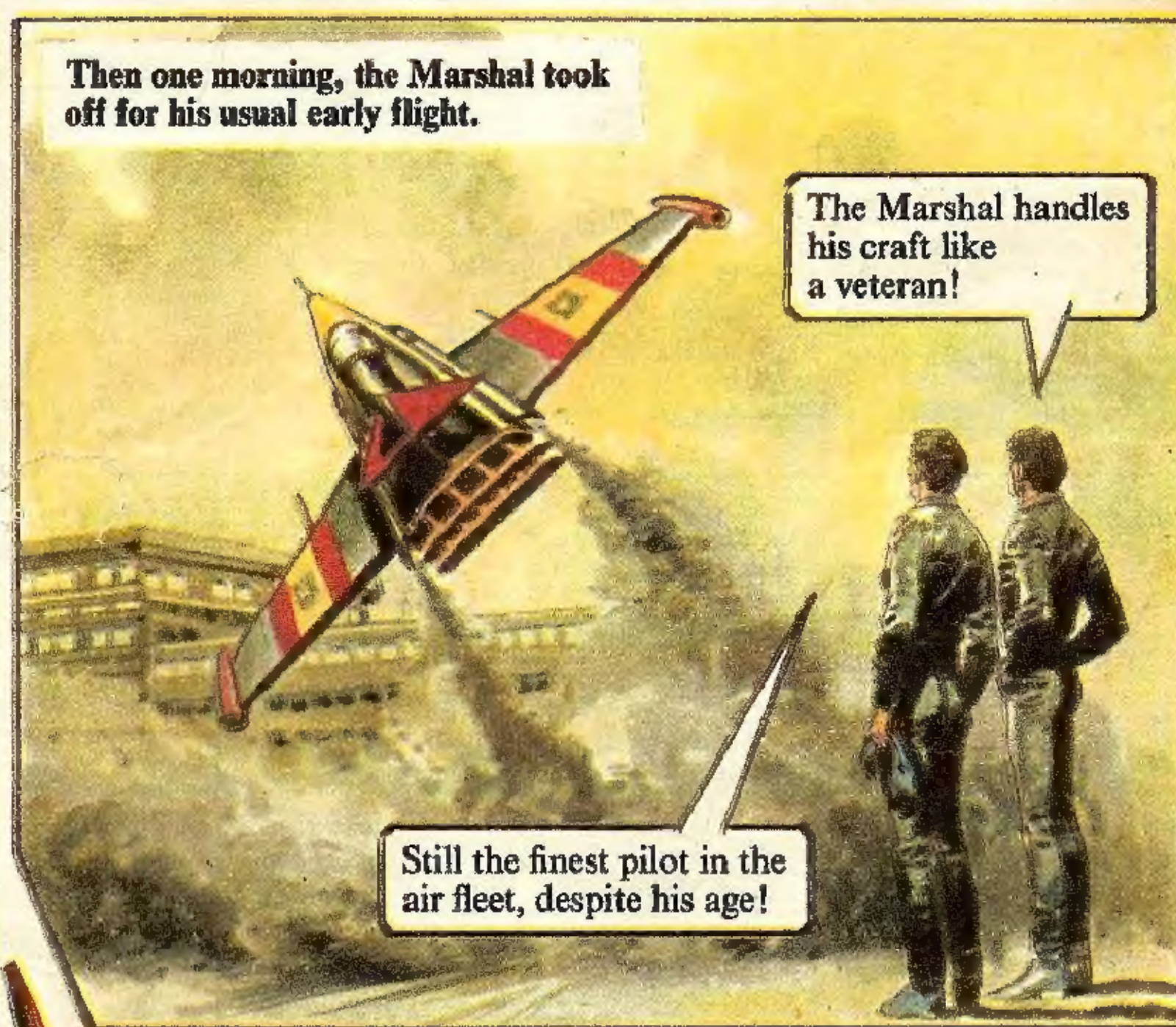
Following the abdication of the Emperor Trigo, Trigan has been declared a Republic presided over by three Consuls. One of them, Marshal Zeros, who is an art lover, is mysteriously presented with a priceless statue which he has always longed for.



Zeros dismissed the merchant without any further comment . . . and gazed thoughtfully at the statue.



Some days passed. His fellow-consuls Brag and Peric visited him. Old Peric commented caustically.

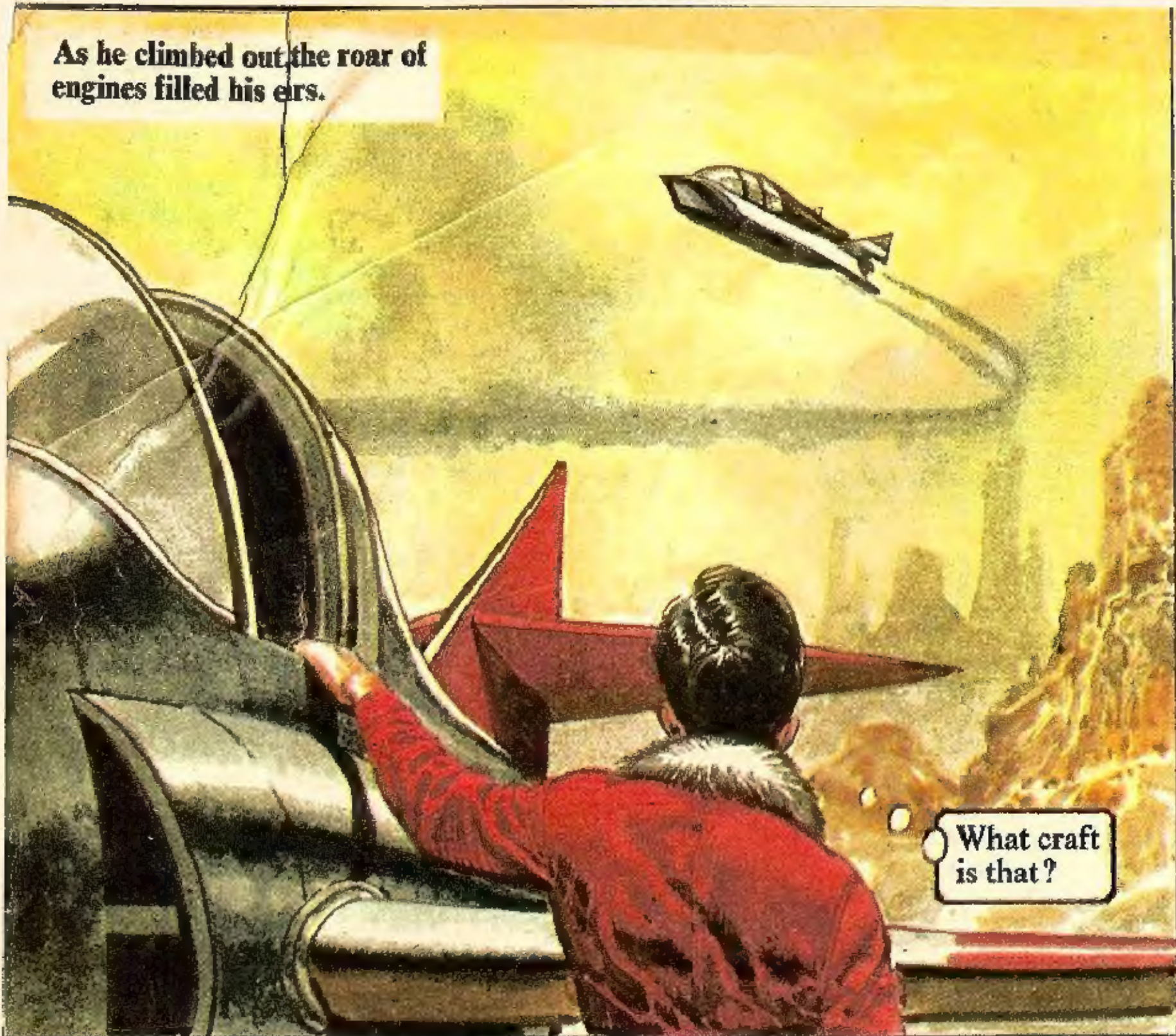


Later—high over the barren plain of Vorg—his engine spluttered and died. He glanced at the fuel gauge.





As he climbed out the roar of engines filled his ears.



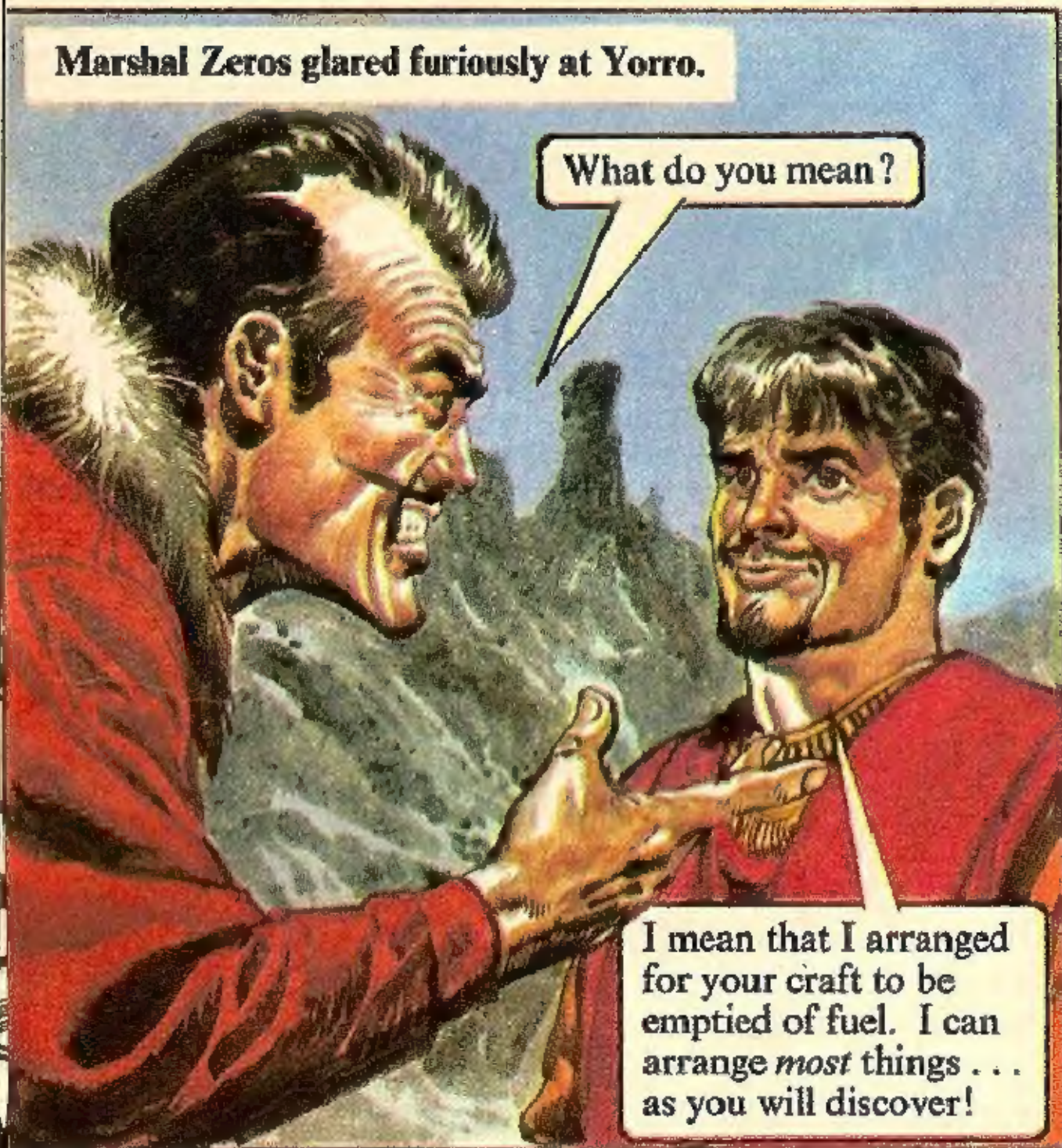
What craft is that?

It landed close by. Three men got out . . . and one of them addressed him blandly.



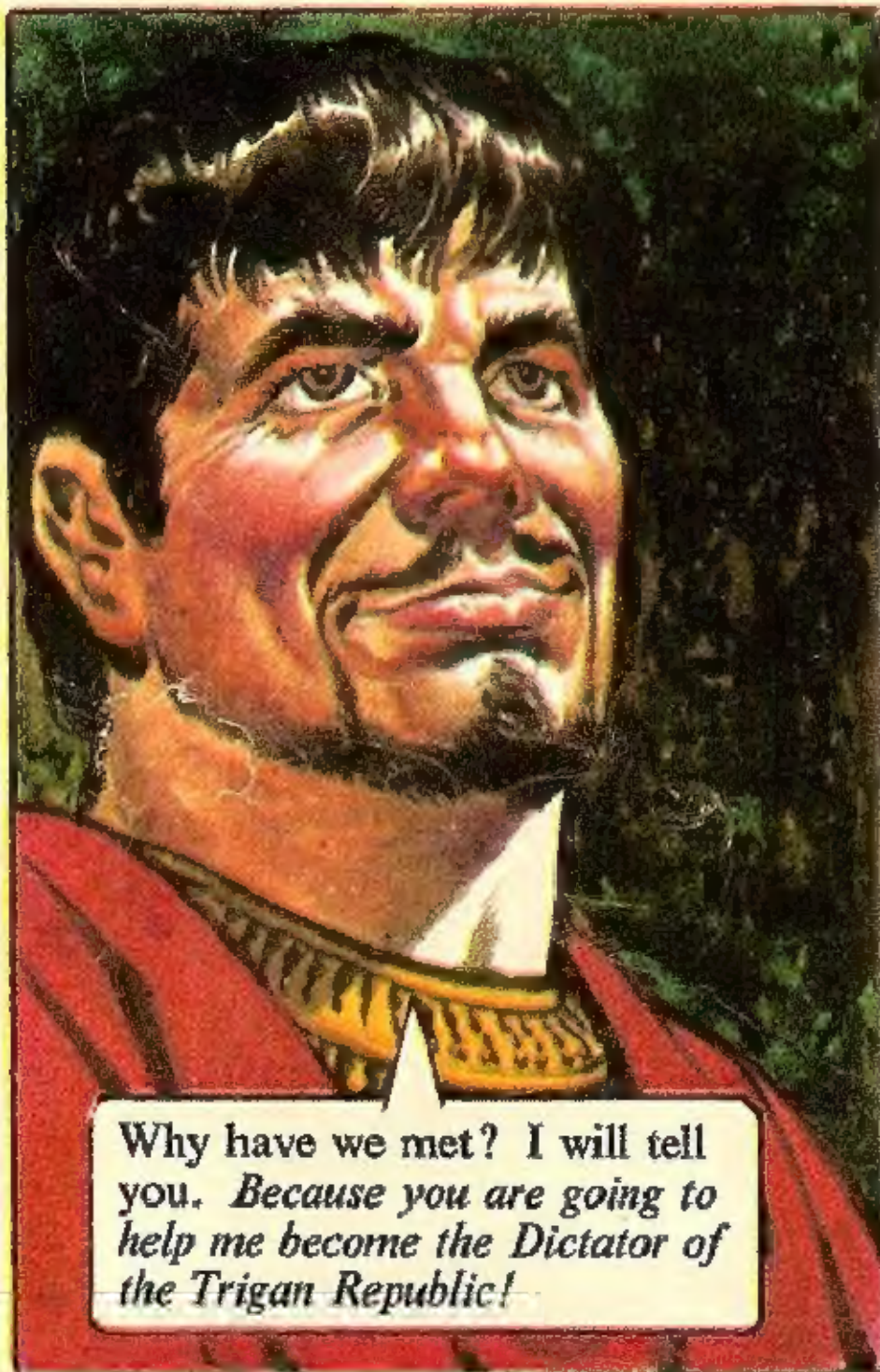
Good-morning, Marshal. My name is Yorro. I have wanted to meet you for a long time . . . and I regret if my arrangements to do so have caused you any inconvenience!

Marshal Zeros glared furiously at Yorro.



What do you mean?

I mean that I arranged for your craft to be emptied of fuel. I can arrange *most* things . . . as you will discover!



Why have we met? I will tell you. *Because you are going to help me become the Dictator of the Trigan Republic!*

Zero's scornful reply died in his throat.



You must be mad! Why, I . . .

*Silence!* You are completely in my power! You have already betrayed your people by accepting my bribe of a priceless statue!

With a bellow of fury, the Marshal hurled himself at his tormentor . . . but . . .



By all the demons in Daveli! I'll smash you . . .

Aaaaah! Strike him down!

Yorro's brutal bodyguards sent the veteran warrior sprawling.

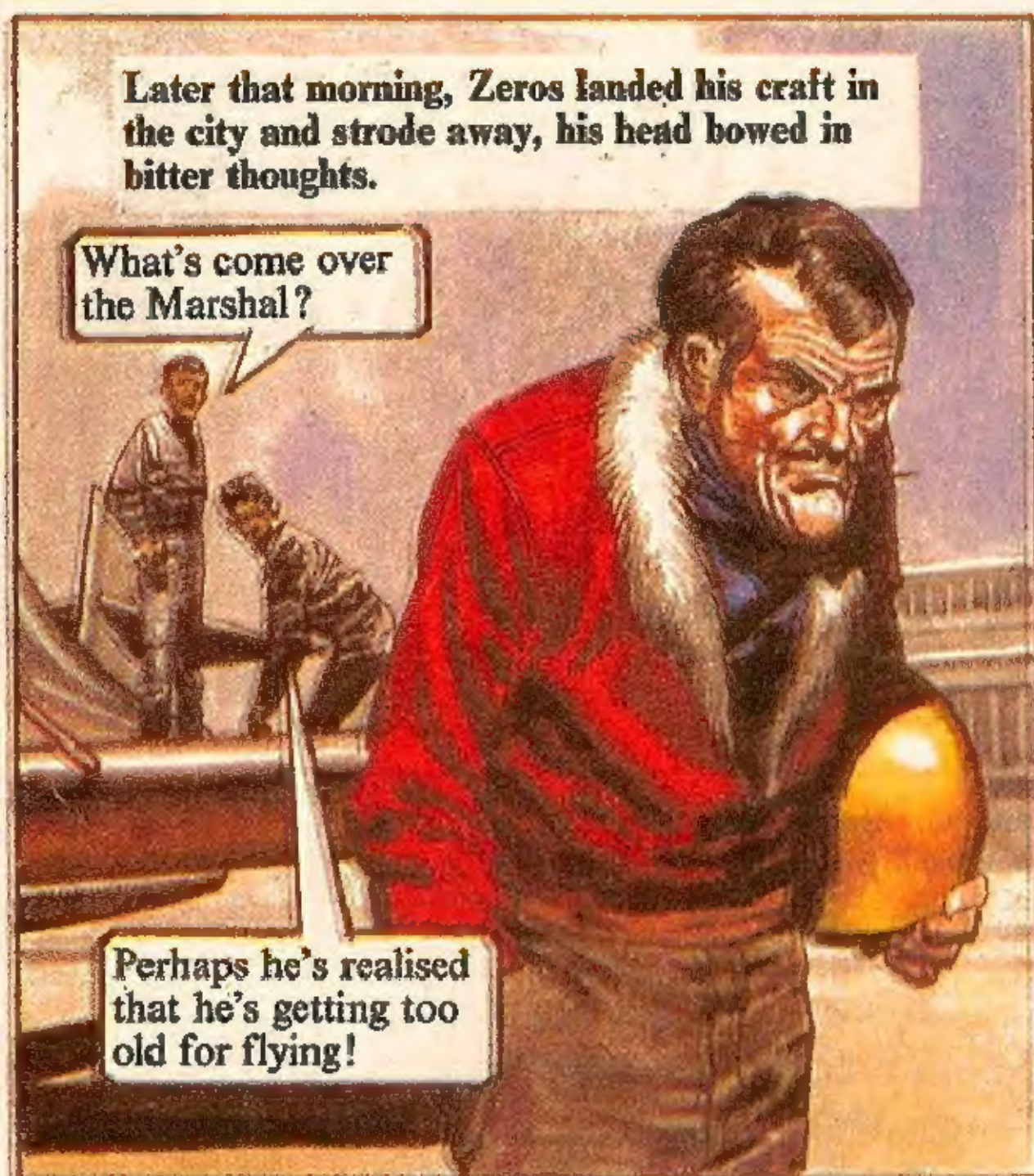


Now, you old fool . . . you will listen to me . . . and you will do *exactly* as I order!



# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Following the abdication of the Emperor Trigo, Trigan has been declared a republic presided over by three consuls. One of the consuls, Marshal Zeros, has been blackmailed by the unscrupulous and ambitious Yorro...



Later that morning, Zeros landed his craft in the city and strode away, his head bowed in bitter thoughts.

What's come over the Marshal?

Perhaps he's realised that he's getting too old for flying!



Back in his mansion, the Marshal looked down upon the priceless statue that had so mysteriously come into his possession.

I can't defy Yorro! If he puts out the lie that I accepted the statue as a bribe, I'm a ruined man!



Wearily—he sat down at his desk...

I'm too old to start all over again at the bottom! And Yorro promises me a high position in the new regime he plans to set up... so...

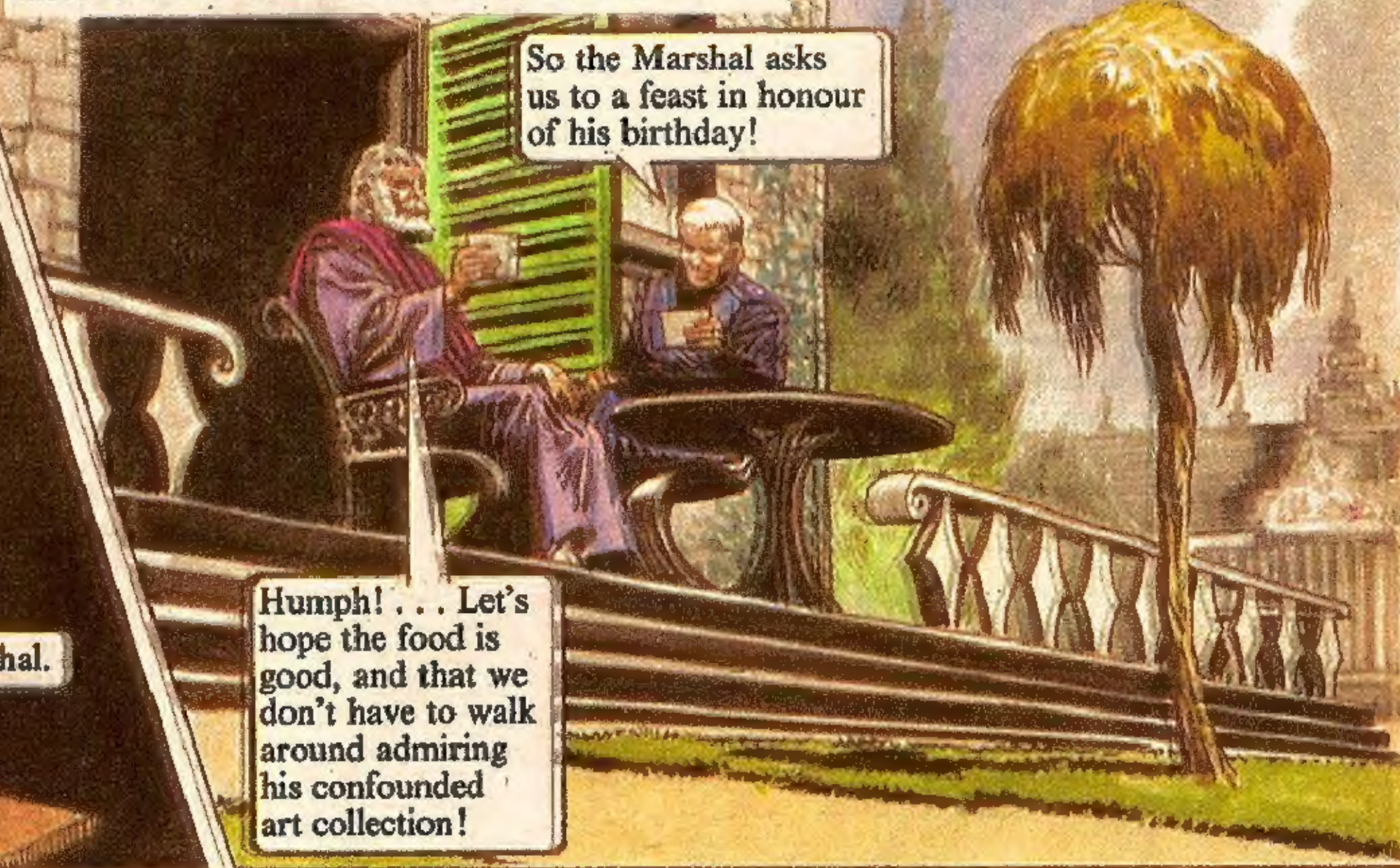


Later, he summoned the colonel of his personal air fleet bodyguard.

See that these invitations are delivered... then return here... I have special, secret orders for you!

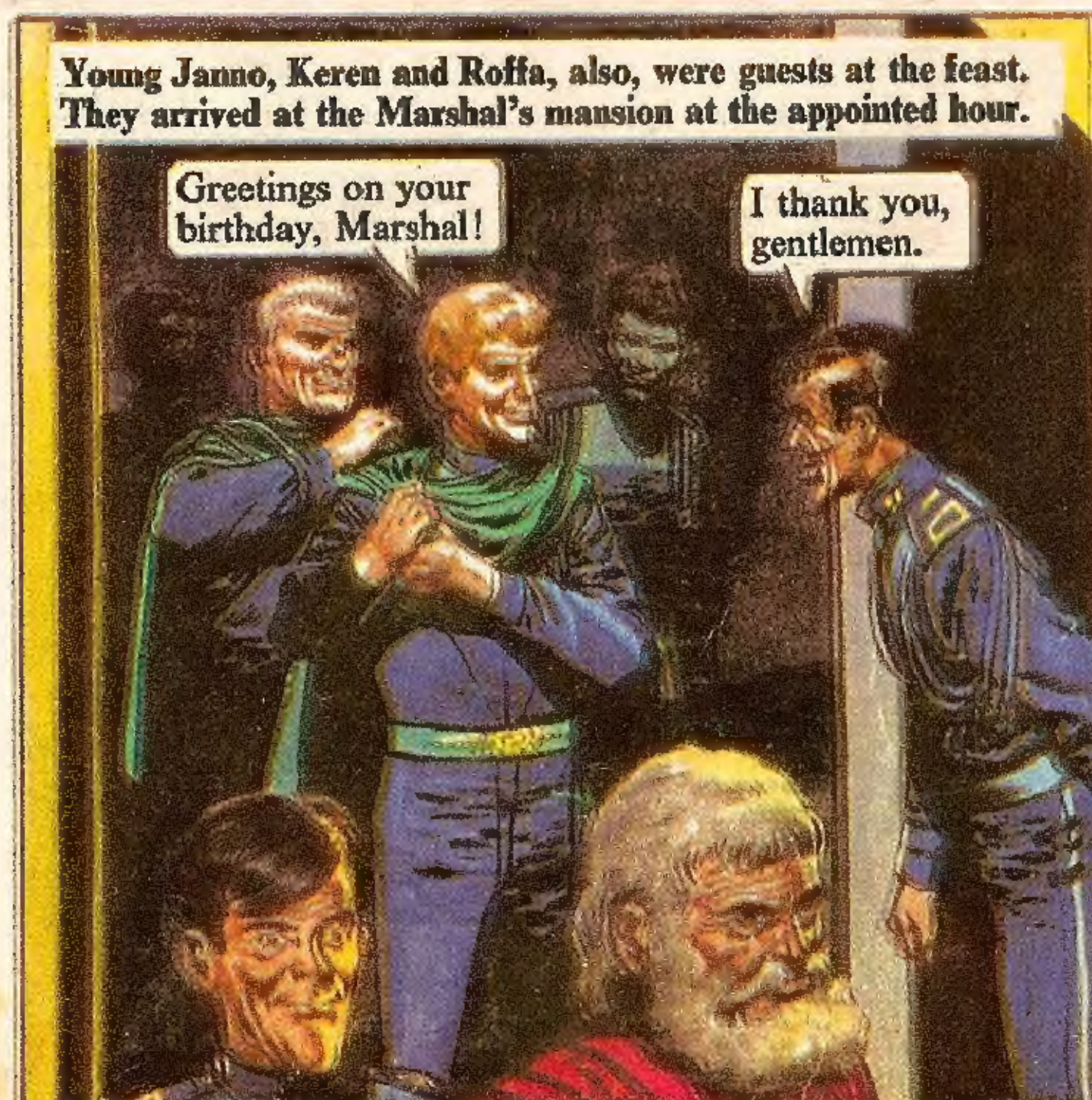
Yes, Marshal.

Zeros's fellow consuls, Peric and Brag, were among those to whom the invitations were delivered.



So the Marshal asks us to a feast in honour of his birthday!

Humph!... Let's hope the food is good, and that we don't have to walk around admiring his confounded art collection!



Young Janno, Keren and Roffa, also, were guests at the feast. They arrived at the Marshal's mansion at the appointed hour.

Greetings on your birthday, Marshal!

I thank you, gentlemen.



The guests were composed of highly-placed citizens of the republic, and proven patriots. Later, when the feast was at its height...

Friends! I call upon our host to address us!

Speech, Marshal!... Speech!



Slowly, Marshal Zeros rose to his feet. After a moment's silence he shouted one word. . . .

Now!

A tramp of booted feet, the jingle of equipment and there Zeros's bodyguard filed into the hall.

What's this? Is it some kind of elaborate jest?

Zeros answered the questions.

This is no jest, gentlemen! . . . You are all under arrest!

Wha-a-at?

Janno caught the note of desperate seriousness in Zeros's voice. Without an instant's hesitation . . . he acted!

Janno released his hold . . . and smashed his way out of the window, into the night!

Shoot him down!

The pandemonium in the great hall suddenly silenced . . . as a strange figure entered . . .

Permit me to introduce myself . . . I am Yorro . . . as from this moment, I am your new ruler . . . the dictator of Trigan!



# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Following the abdication of the Emperor Trigo, Trigan has become a republic presided over by three consuls. But the unscrupulous and ambitious Yorro has blackmailed one of the consuls—Marshal Zeros—into helping him become the Dictator of Trigan!

In the silence that followed, Yorro indicated the assembled senior citizens with a contemptuous sweep of his hand.

I cannot expect any support from this rabble! Order your guards to place them under arrest!

Marshal Zeros hesitated. But not for long . . .

Or do you want to share your former friends' imprisonment?

Er . . . guards! Do your duty!

This is madness! You'll never get away with it! Apart from my own trusted air fleet body-guard, you have no force to overthrow the republic!

You think not? You old fool!

Yorro had one weapon—his vast fortune.

Every man has his price, as you well know! At dawn, you will inform the armed forces that their new ruler is graciously increasing their pay by *tenfold* out of his own pocket! You'll find, then, that I have force in plenty!

Yorro was right. The majority of the Trigan armed forces accepted their new ruler. Those who refused to betray the republic were given no mercy!

Lead them out to execution!

Trigan city was in a turmoil. Rumours and counter-rumours spread through the streets like forest fires.

They say that the three consuls support this new fellow Yorro!

I've heard that the consuls have fled from the city!

What's to become of us?

If only Trigo were still our emperor!

Yorro silenced all their fears by driving in state through the street, while guards distributed handfuls of money to the populace.





Yorro smiled.



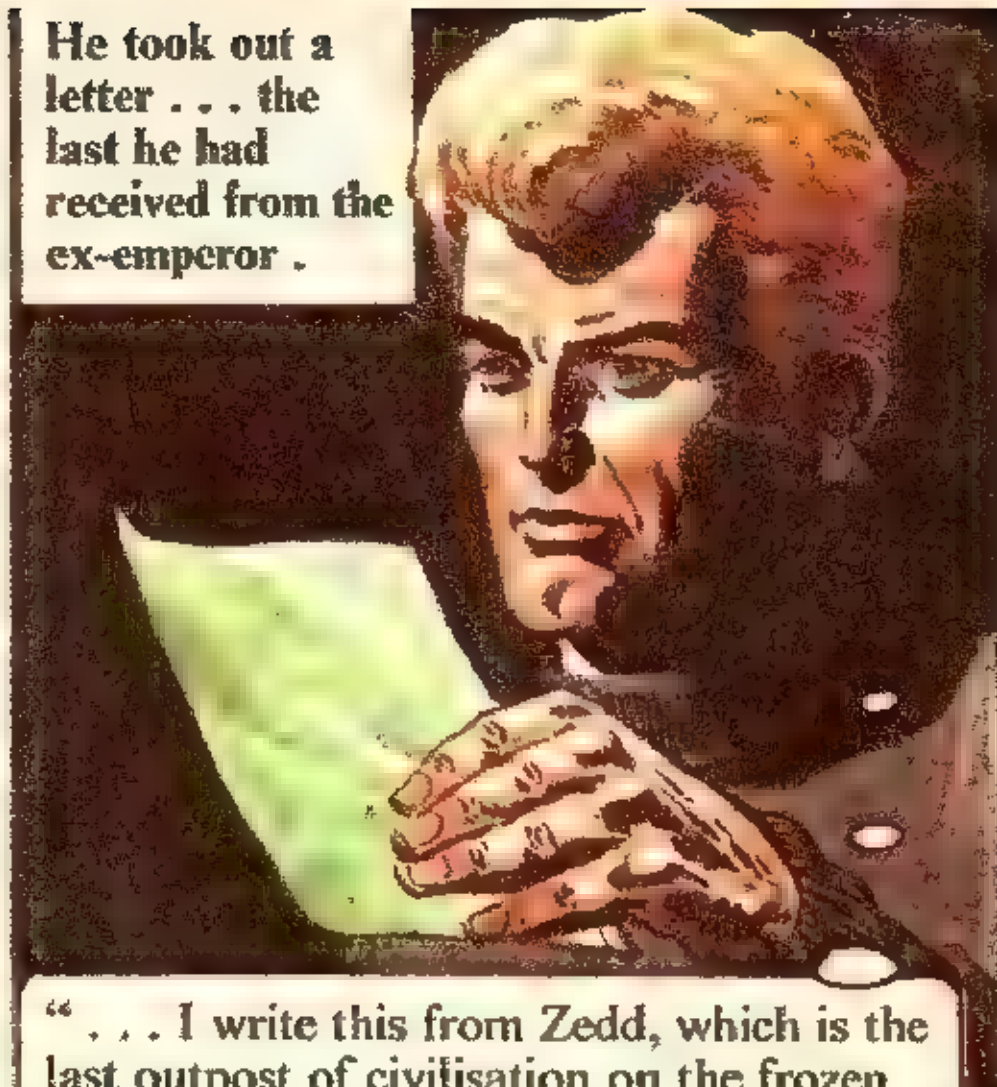
Aye, grovel, you animals! Before long, I'll have you grovelling for your lives!

Meanwhile, young Janno—who had escaped imprisonment—had gone into hiding near the harbour.



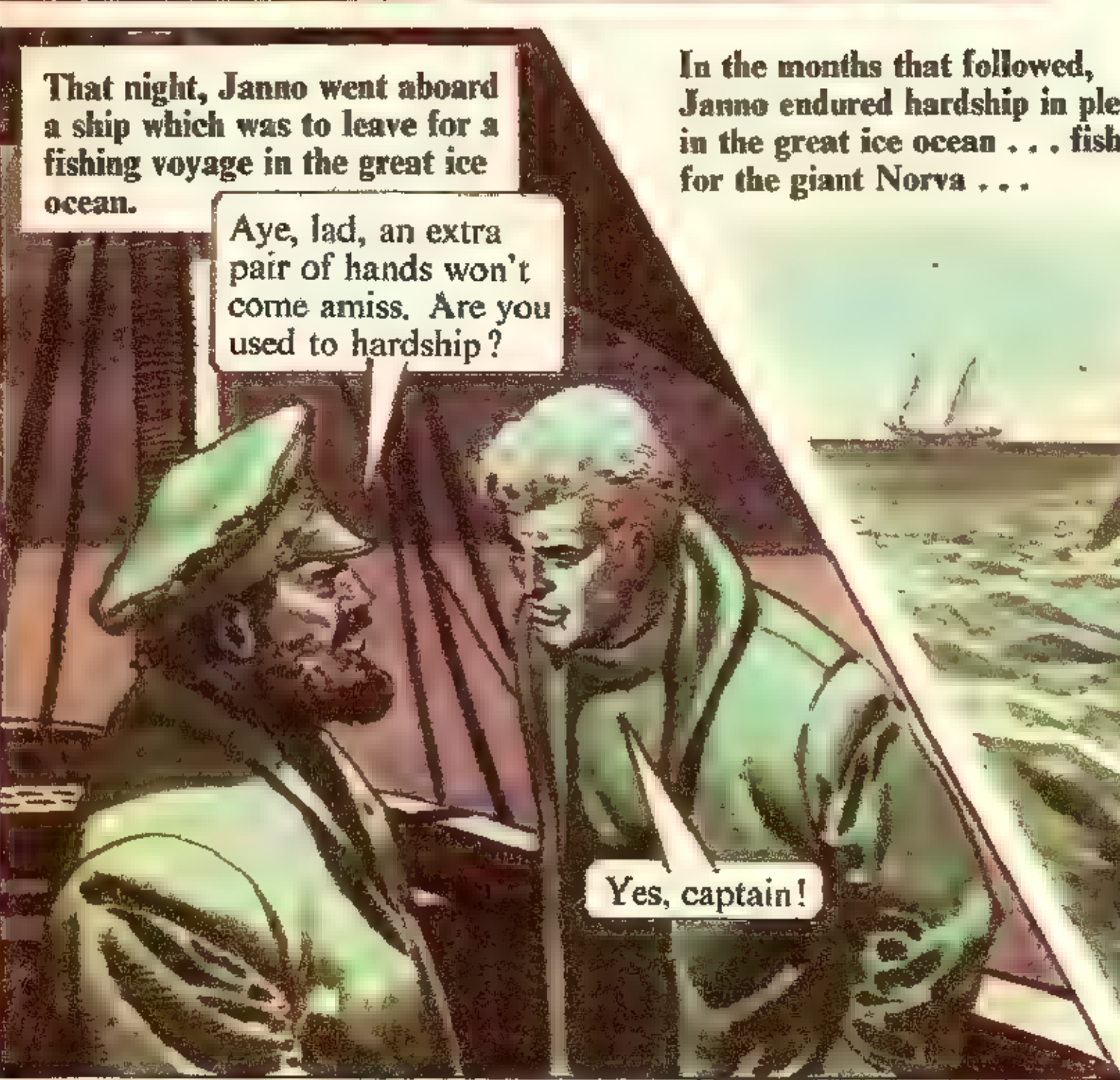
There's only one thing for it. I must find Uncle Trigo and bring him back!

He took out a letter . . . the last he had received from the ex-emperor .



" . . . I write this from Zedd, which is the last outpost of civilisation on the frozen continent. Tomorrow, I set off for the great ice barrier, in search of a supposedly extinct race of strange creatures . . . "

That night, Janno went aboard a ship which was to leave for a fishing voyage in the great ice ocean.



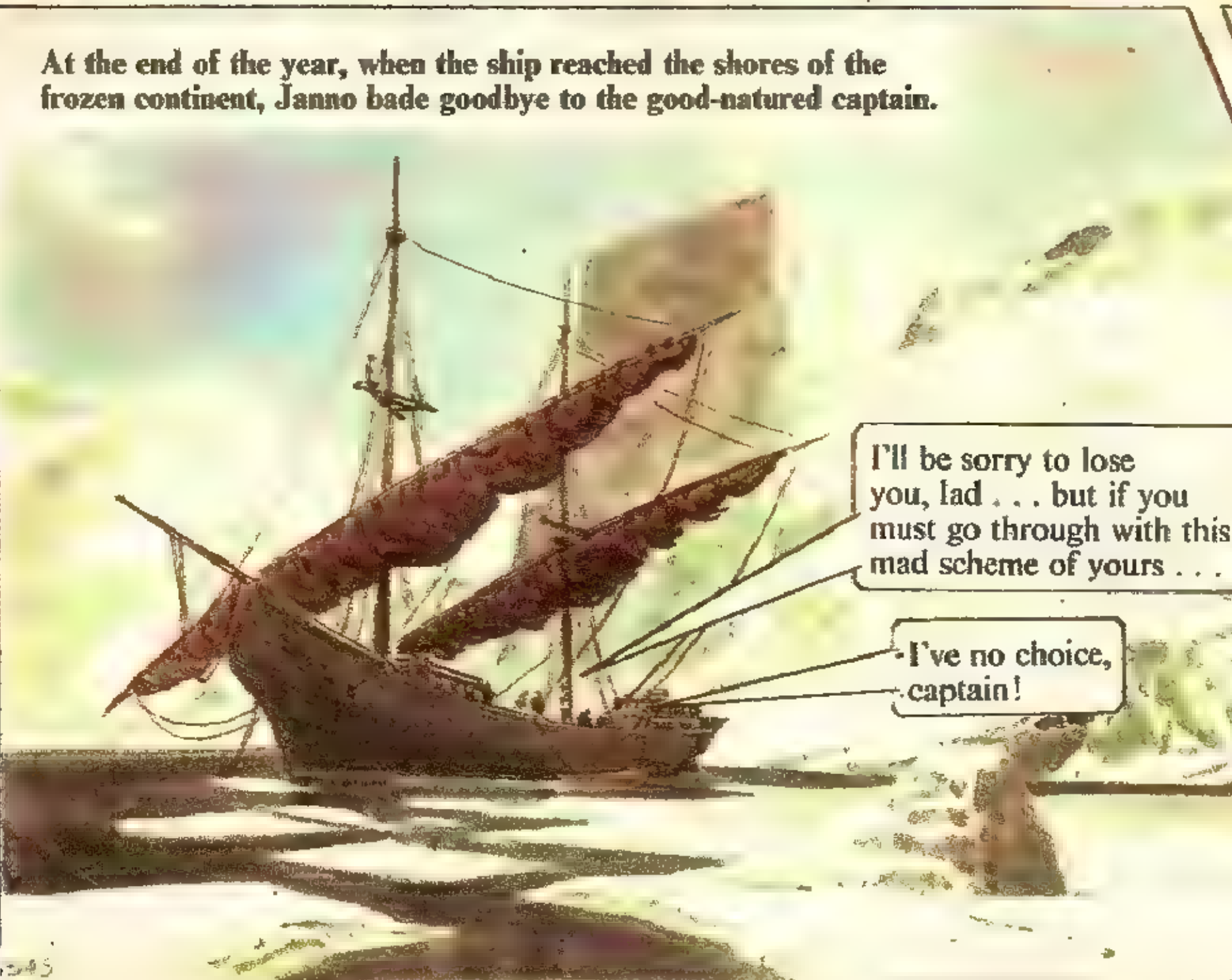
Aye, lad, an extra pair of hands won't come amiss. Are you used to hardship?

Yes, captain!

In the months that followed, Janno endured hardship in plenty in the great ice ocean . . . fishing for the giant Norva . . .



At the end of the year, when the ship reached the shores of the frozen continent, Janno bade goodbye to the good-natured captain.



I'll be sorry to lose you, lad . . . but if you must go through with this mad scheme of yours . . .

I've no choice, captain!

Then he set off on foot, through the worst territory on the planet Elekton . . . on his perilous quest .



First, the outpost of Zedd . . . to pick up my uncle's trail .



# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

The new Trigan Republic has been taken over by the unscrupulous Yorro, who has set himself up as Dictator. Janno, nephew of the ex-Emperor Trigo, has journeyed to the remote frozen continent to find his uncle . . . the only man who can save Trigan.

For two days and nights, Janno struggled on. Then, on the morning of the third day, a monstrous shadow was cast over him!



He knew the massive creature to be one of the savage predators of the frozen continent . . . and he ran for his life.

Gn-a-a-a-aagghh!



Next moment the young Trigan stumbled and fell. He felt the brute's hot breath on his face . . . before he heard an explosion!



The great beast toppled and lay still . . . and from out of the swirling snow came a strange-looking craft.



The newcomers introduced themselves as hunters from Zedd, and eagerly Janno informed them that he himself was heading for the outpost.



You are a fool to travel in the frozen continent alone and unarmed. The territory swarms with predators. It's a wonder you've survived so long!

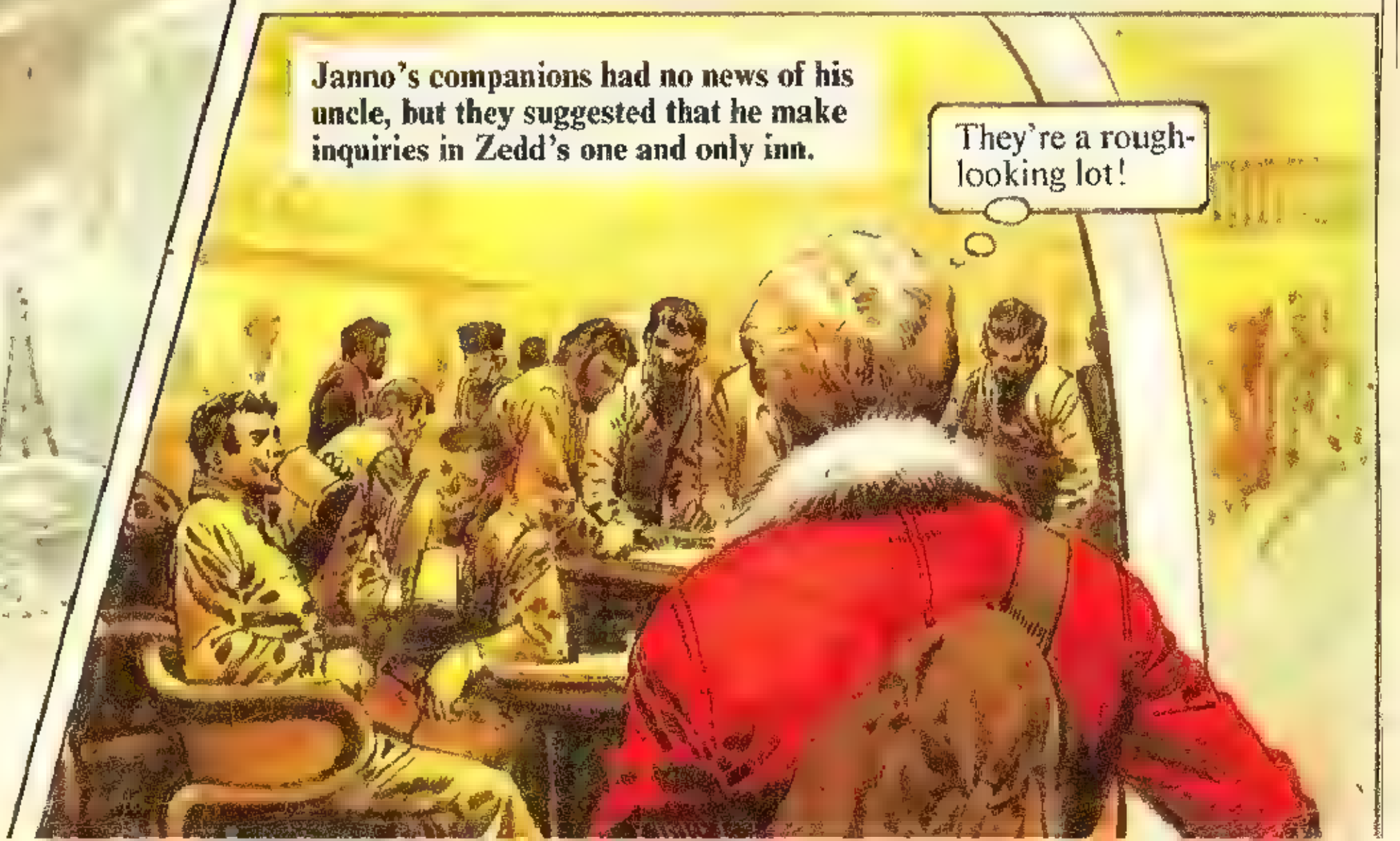
My mission is absolutely vital. Can you possibly escort me to Zedd?

The hunters agreed, and some days later they came in sight of the last outpost. Janno looked down on the drilling rigs which drew out the precious fluid that fed the engines on the planet Elekton.



Janno's companions had no news of his uncle, but they suggested that he make inquiries in Zedd's one and only inn.

They're a rough-looking lot!





I seek news of my uncle . . . the ex-Emperor Trigo. I believe he passed through here.

You'll find no emperors in this accursed hole . . . ex or otherwise!

Janno turned eagerly, and the man at the next table described the "stranger".

Yes! Yes! That was my uncle!

If you were wanting to follow him, we own a transporter, and we know the route.

Yes! When can we leave?

You only get the dregs of the planet here, lad . . . and we like it that way!

Wait! There was a stranger here!

Well, he left for the great ice barrier three lunar months ago. Hired a transporter and two guides.

As soon as you like, lad. Now, if you want!

Some moments later, Janno's new acquaintances muttered together.

There could be a fortune in this for us!

The three set off in a transporter. Two days later, a forbidding wall of whiteness blanked out the sky ahead of them.

From here we go on foot . . . over the great ice barrier!

So he's looking for an ex-emperor, eh? Well, ex-emperors come expensive . . . in ransom money, for instance. And so do their nephews!

The long, gruelling climb began.

And they were watched . . . every step of the way . . . from the high crest.



# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

The new Trigan Republic has come under the rule of the unscrupulous dictator Yorro. Janno—nephew of the ex-Emperor Trigo—has journeyed to the remote frozen continent to find his uncle, the only man who can save Trigan. With the aid of a pair of rascally guides, Janno scales the great ice barrier.



The short polar day was dying when the three reached the high crest of the great ice barrier and looked about them.

It's like another world!

They found themselves surrounded by strange figures!



Out weapons! Start shooting!

No! What use is violence? And they might mean us no harm!



And then . . .

By all the stars!

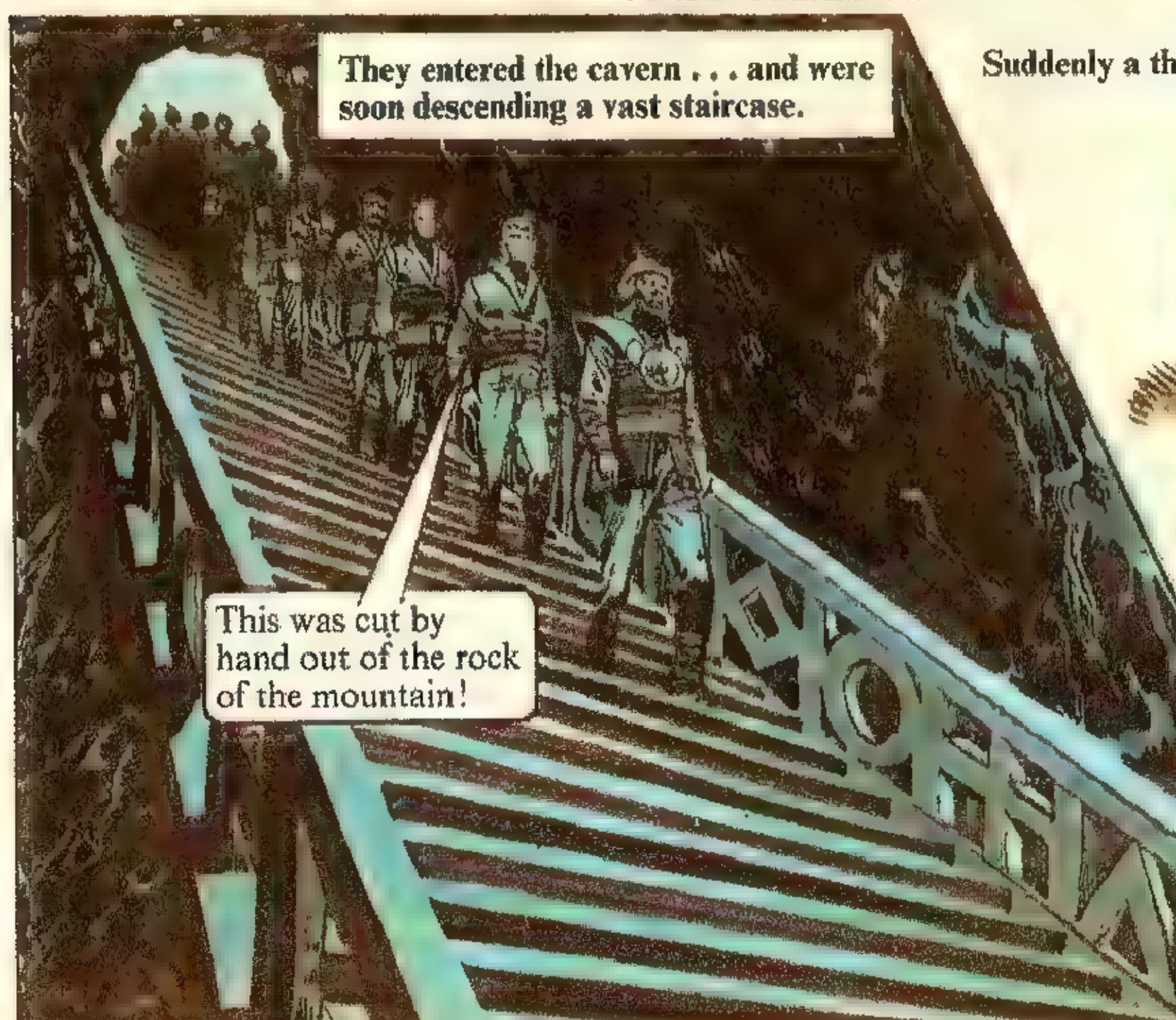
Who are they?



A gloomy cavern mouth was carved into icy-covered rock nearby, and one of the strangers pointed to it.

He wants us to go in there. What do we do?

Obey! What else can we do?



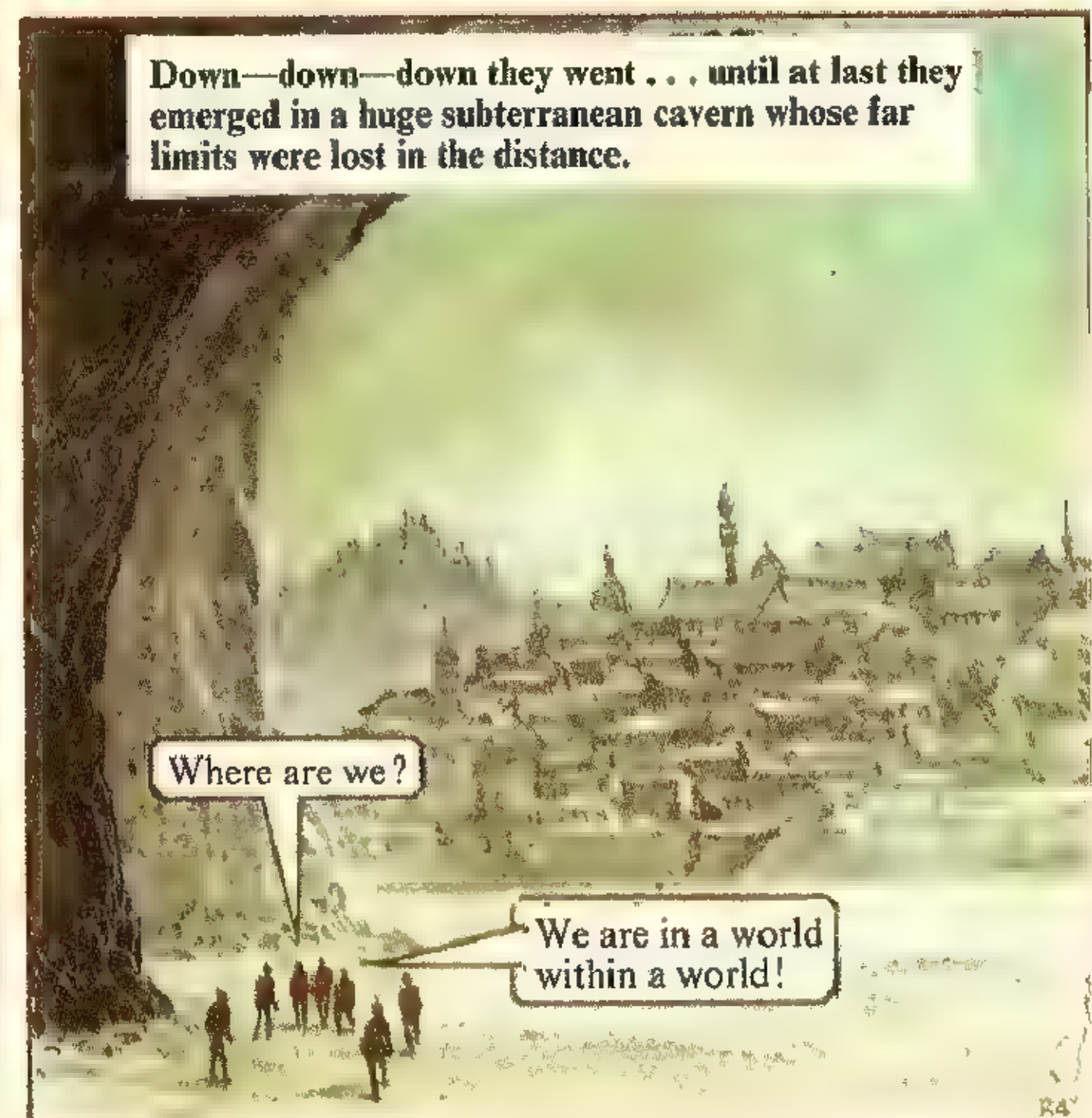
They entered the cavern . . . and were soon descending a vast staircase.

This was cut by hand out of the rock of the mountain!

Suddenly a thought struck Janno.



My uncle used to believe there was a supposedly extinct race of creatures beyond the great ice barrier. Perhaps these are the very creatures he was searching for!



Down—down—down they went . . . until at last they emerged in a huge subterranean cavern whose far limits were lost in the distance.

Where are we?

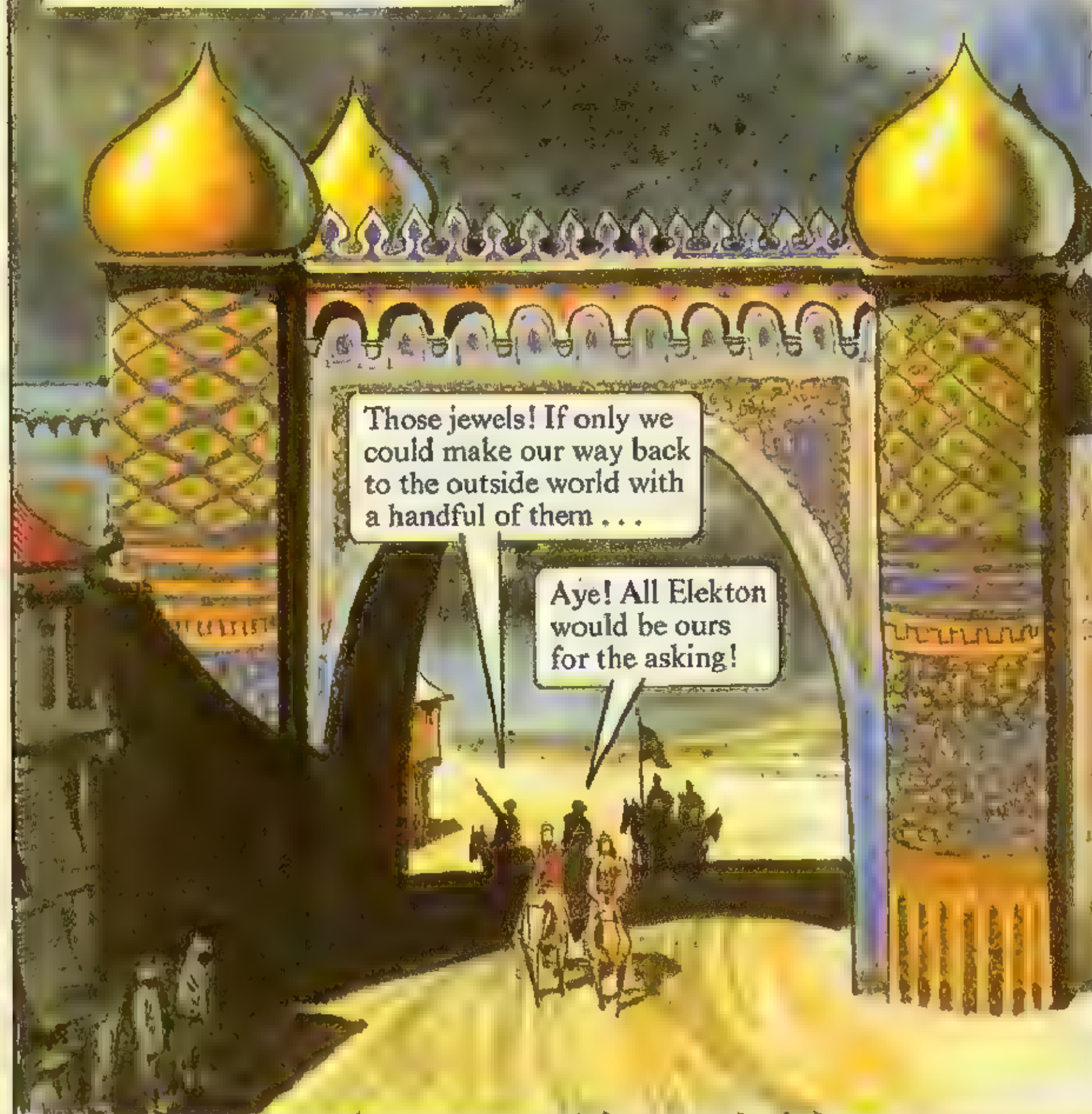
We are in a world within a world!



On mounts that had been tethered nearby, they were soon riding through the underground world. They saw much of the people and their habitations.



They rode through a great archway studded with precious stones.



Those jewels! If only we could make our way back to the outside world with a handful of them...

Aye! All Elekton would be ours for the asking!

And then they came to a towering building... where a richly-garbed figure greeted them.



These are the strangers we sighted climbing the great mountain.

It is good!

Janno and his companions were addressed in the common language of Elekton.



You will now be taken before our ruler... who will decide your fates!

In the palace, they were led through an echoing hall where a figure was seated at the far end. Janno knew him instantly.



It can't be! But it is... Uncle Trigo!

It was indeed the ex-Emperor of the Trigans... but he gave no sign of recognition.



Uncle! It's me! Your nephew Janno!

The reply came like a smack in the face to the young Trigan.



Who is this person?



# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Aided by two rascally guides, Janno—nephew of the ex-Emperor Trigo—has scaled the great ice barrier in the remote frozen continent to find his uncle. There they are all taken prisoner by strange people who inhabit a world beneath the ice barrier. Janno learns that his uncle is now the ruler of this world . . . but Trigo does not know his nephew!

Janno persisted . . . but not a flicker of recognition crossed the fine face of the ex-Emperor of the Trigans.

Uncle Trigo! You *can't* have forgotten me! I journeyed here to take you back! Your country needs you!

What is this youth babbling about? *This* is my country . . . this world within a world!

He dismissed them with an imperious gesture.

Take them away, Matta! See to it that they are treated well. I will decide their fate later.

I don't believe it. I simply don't believe it!

Some time later, the three were taken to a pleasant garden . . . and the two rascally guides looked about them with great satisfaction.

We're going to be well looked after here!

Aye! And we'll escape to the outer world at our first opportunity . . . taking as many of these jewels as we can carry!

Succulent-looking food was set before them.

Mmmmm! Enough to make a man's mouth water!

Yes . . . and you will find the zotus flower particularly tasteful.

As Zatta and the servants discreetly withdrew, Janno sprang to his feet on a sudden impulse.

Somehow I don't trust those two!

He listened . . . and overheard.

They will eat of the zotus flower . . . and forget *everything*!

Returning to his seat, his mind racing, Janno saw that his companions were gorging at everything in sight. But he ate sparingly . . . and *not* of the zotus flower.

Mmmmmh! This is the food of the gods!



The meal over, Janno leaned forward.

Tell me . . . how do you intend to escape to the outer world?

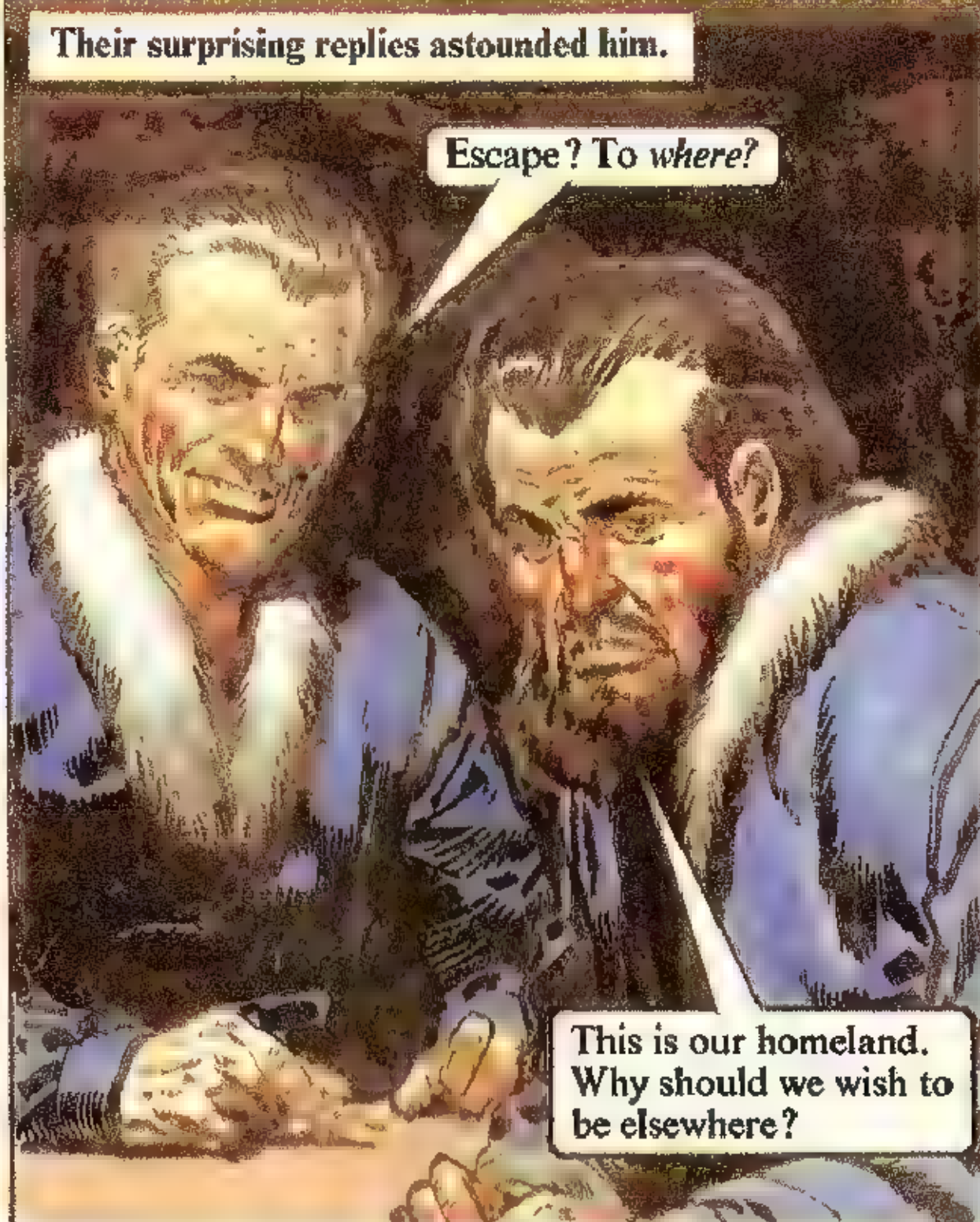
Escape? What's he talking about?



Their surprising replies astounded him.

Escape? To where?

This is our homeland. Why should we wish to be elsewhere?



They have forgotten who they are and where they came from!



While his companions slept over the remains of the meal, the young Trigan crept away.

And now I'm going to find my uncle . . . now I know the reason for his strange behaviour.



Guarding an entrance into the palace was a burly sentry.



Janno acted.

Uuuuuggghh!



But then . . . disaster!

Young fool! You had the opportunity to live here in peace and contentment . . . but now you must die!





# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Young Janno has come to the subterranean world by the great ice barrier, where he finds that his uncle—the ex-Emperor Trigo—is the ruler of this strange world within a world. Trigo has lost his memory through eating the sinister zotus flower. While trying to reach his uncle, Janno is overcome by guards.

Janno was dragged to a flight of steps above a great natural lake. And there Matta hurled a haunch of meat into the water.



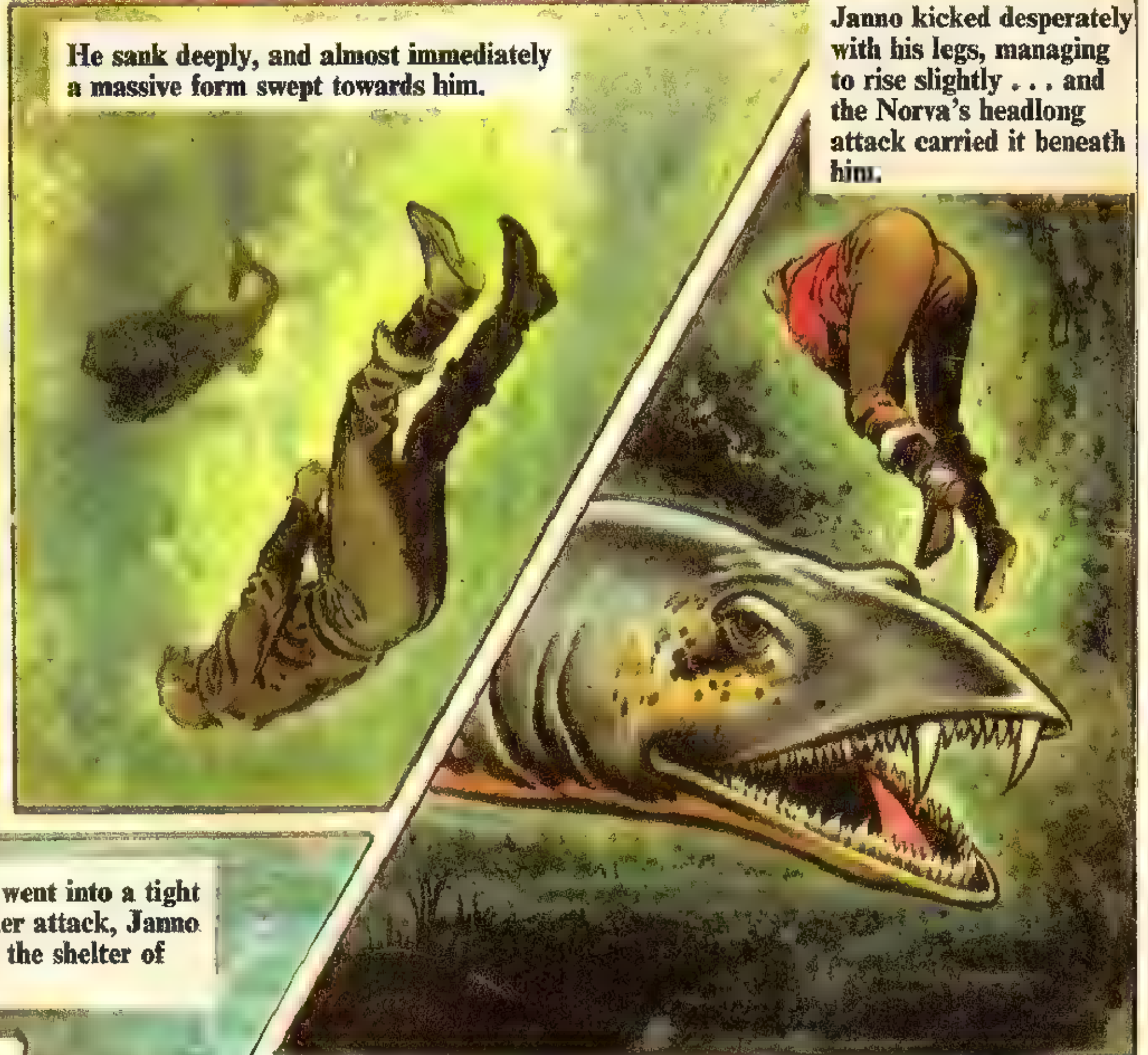
Even before the meat had struck the water, two monstrous green shapes rose from the depths. *They were Giant Norvas!*



And then . . .



He sank deeply, and almost immediately a massive form swept towards him.



Janno kicked desperately with his legs, managing to rise slightly . . . and the Norva's headlong attack carried it beneath him.

Spun round by the violent turbulence of the creature's passing, he saw the razor-edged tail-fin, reached out his arms . . . and suddenly his hands were free.

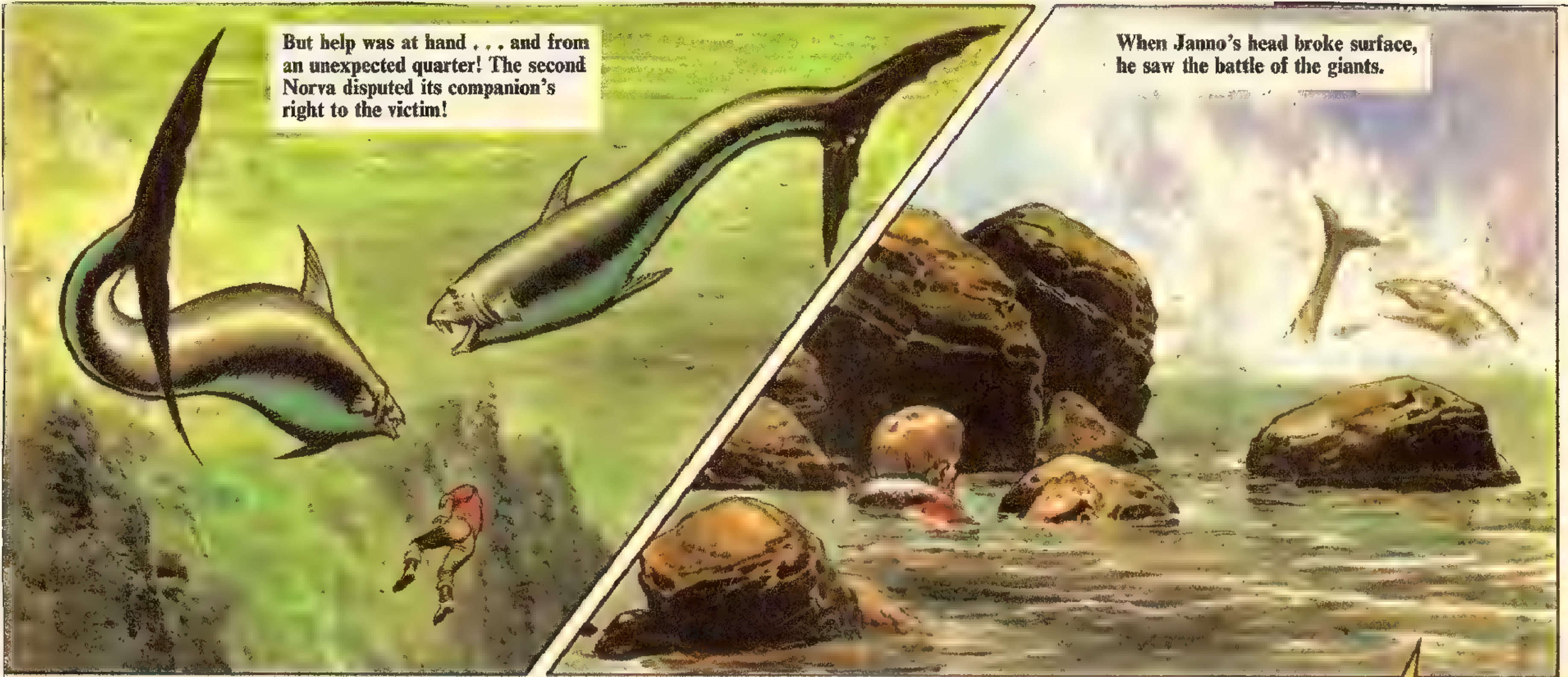


As the Norva went into a tight turn for another attack, Janno struck out for the shelter of nearby rocks.

This time I'm done for!

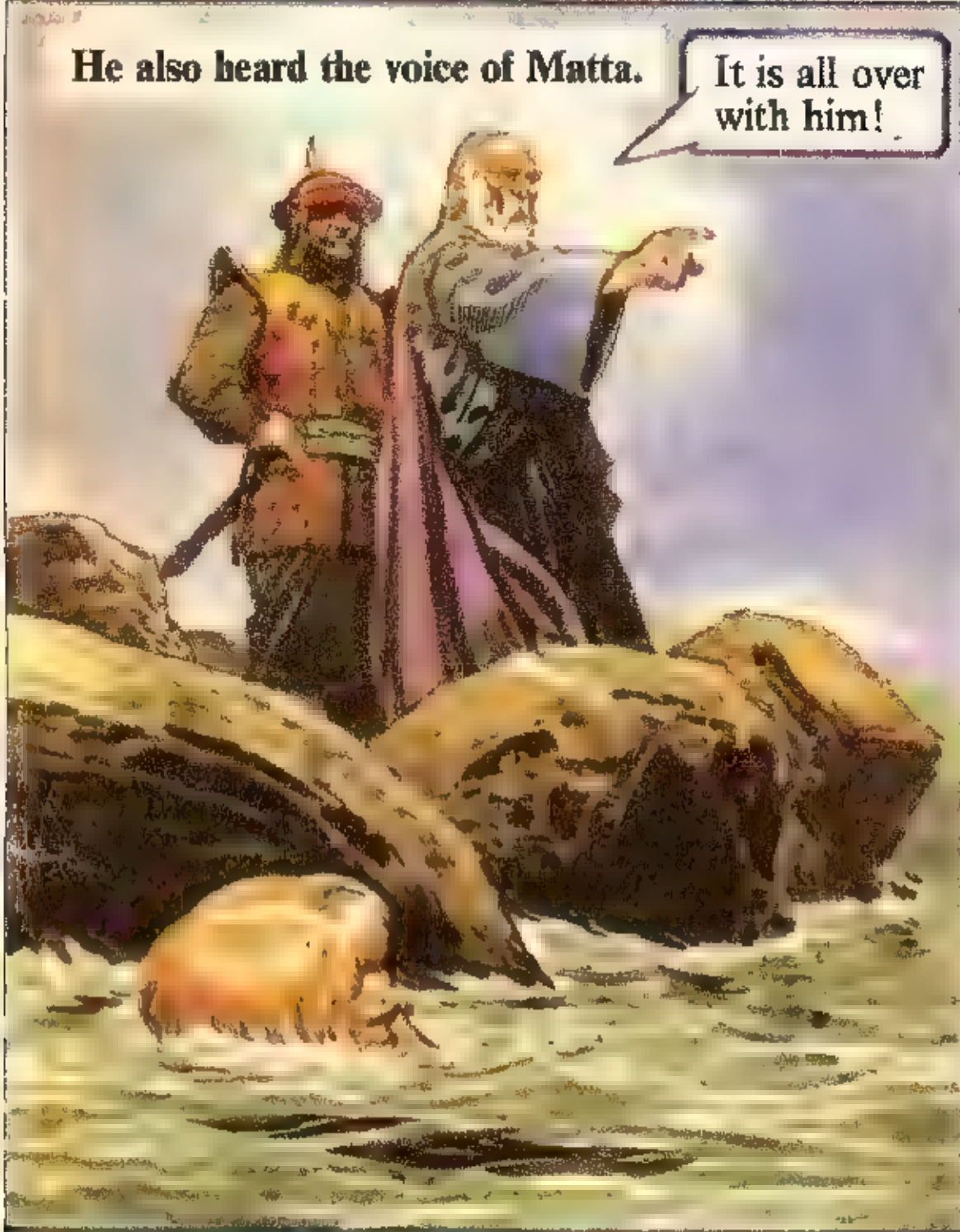






But help was at hand . . . and from an unexpected quarter! The second Norva disputed its companion's right to the victim!

When Janno's head broke surface, he saw the battle of the giants.



He also heard the voice of Matta.

It is all over with him!

Matta and the guards left, and Janno was able to emerge from the nightmare lake. He decided to continue his search . . . and retraced his steps to the palace.



Someone coming!



He heard a sentry's challenge . . . and the reply.

Who comes?

The Ruler's servant. I bring a meal for the Excellent One.



Janno was able to follow the servant till he entered a richly-carved door.

My uncle's apartments!



Some time later, as the ex-Emperor of the Trigans was about to begin his meal, Janno lunged forward.



Aaaaaagghh!



# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

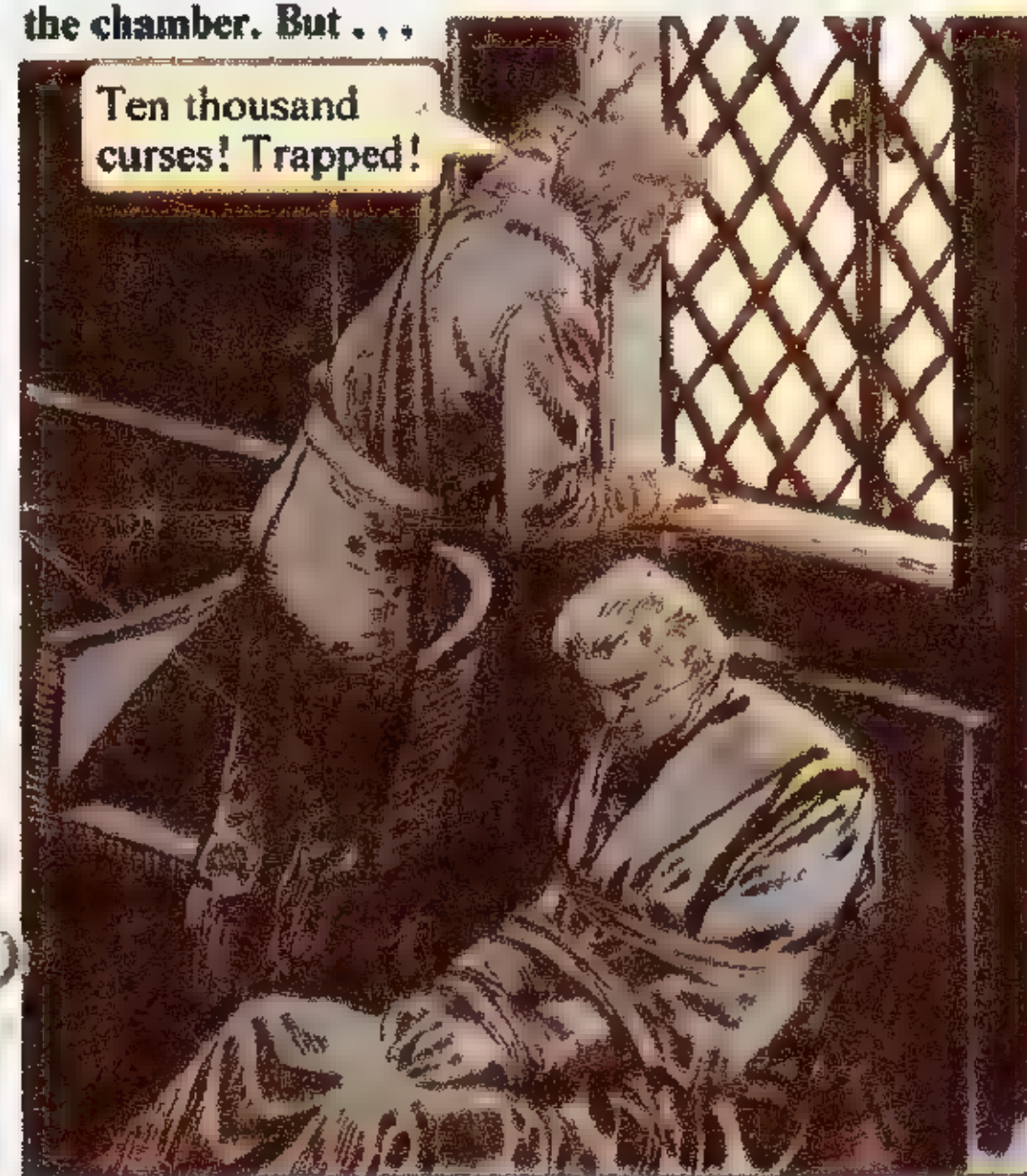
Young Janno had come to the subterranean world beneath the great ice barrier through the wish of his uncle, the ex-emperor Trigo. He had been the prince, whose memory has been affected by eating the sinister zotus flower, is now the ruler of this strange world. Janno surprises his uncle as he is about to have a meal.



But the sound had reached the ears of a sentry. There came a pounding on the door of the chamber.



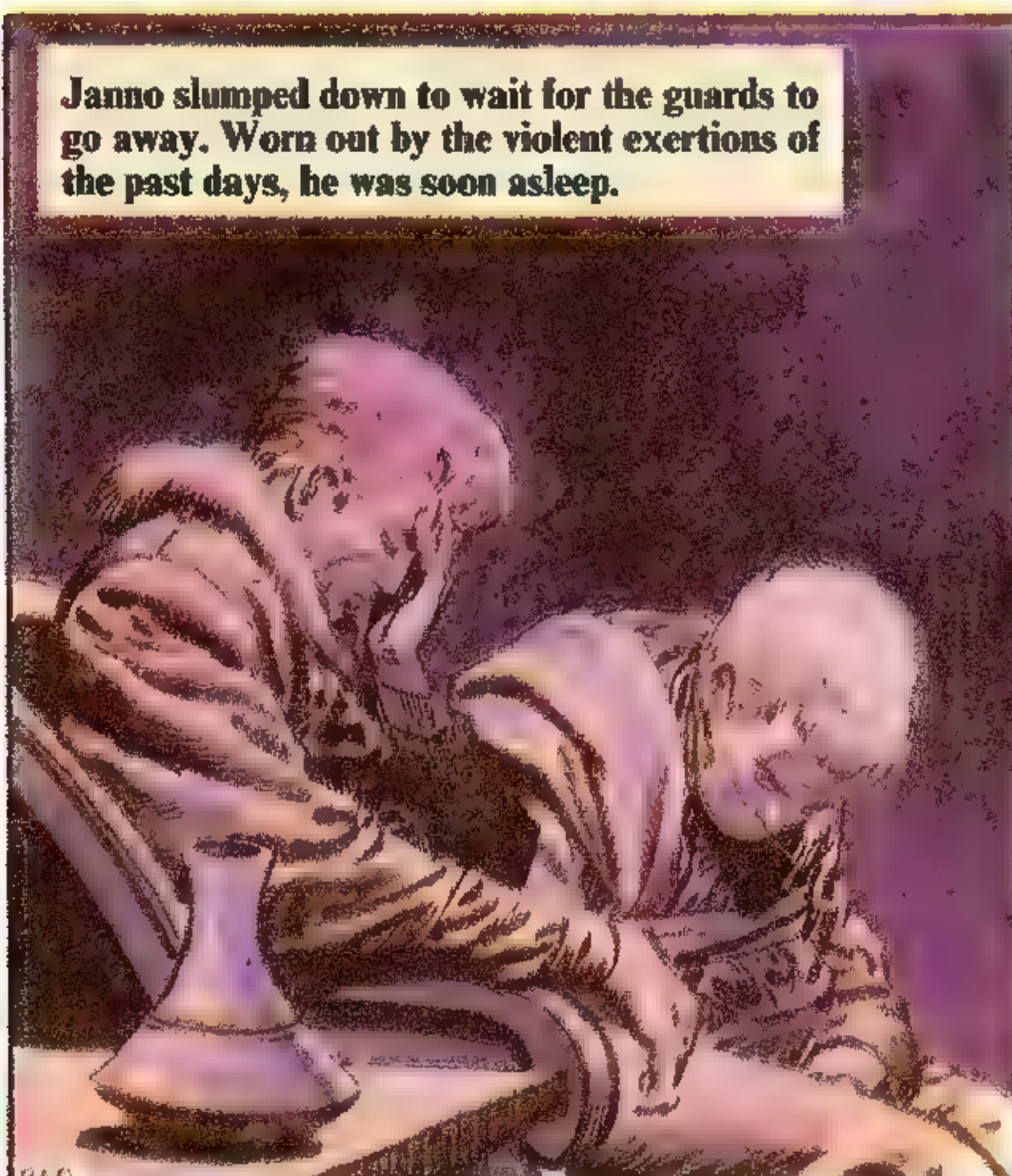
He bound and gagged his uncle with strips of cloth, then crossed to the window by which he had entered the chamber. But . . .



In the court beyond, a party of guards was at drill!



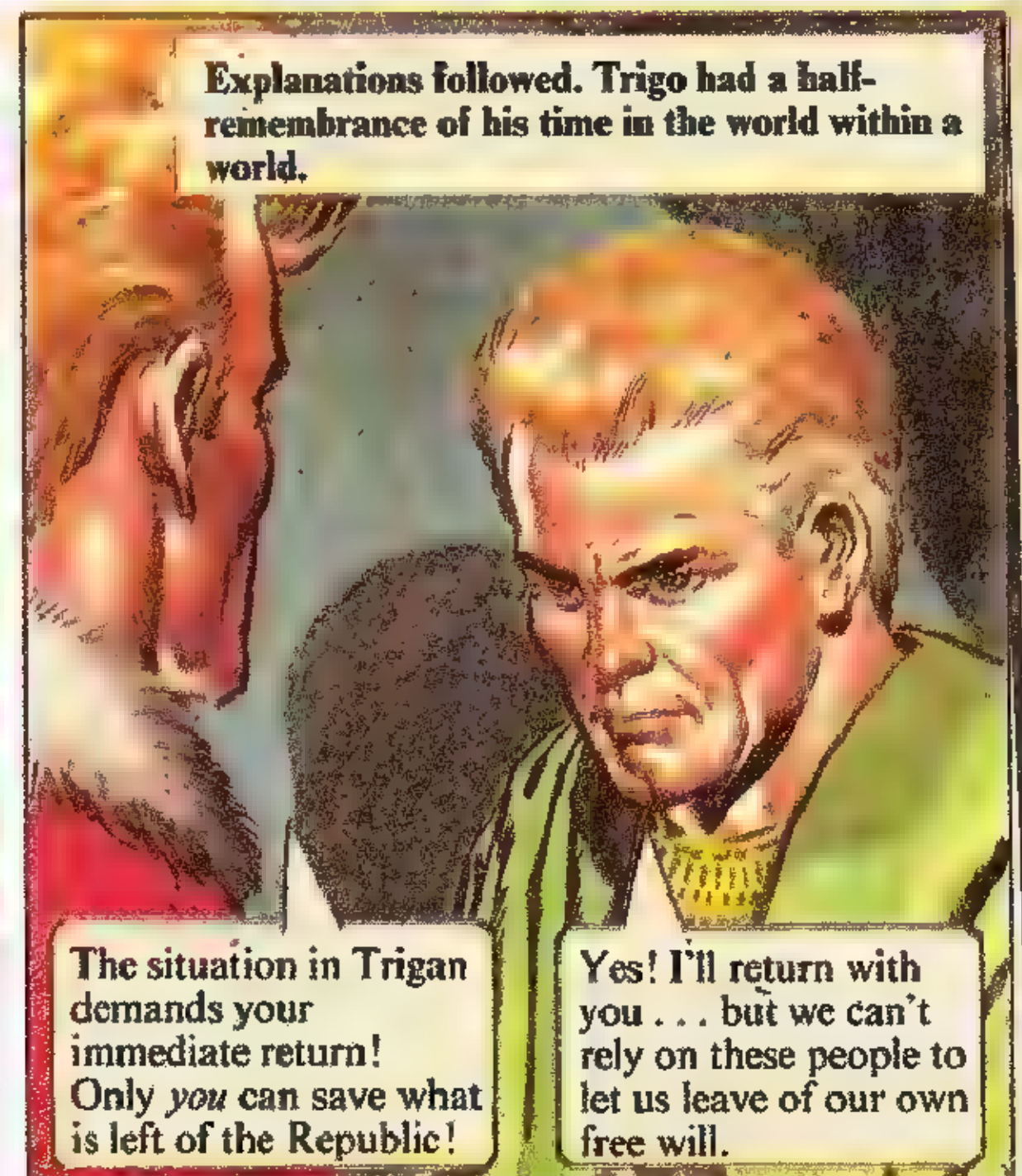
Janno slumped down to wait for the guards to go away. Worn out by the violent exertions of the past days, he was soon asleep.



Later—much later—he awoke to see his uncle's eyes fixed upon him. Rushing to Trigo's side, he unfastened the gag, and . . .



Explanations followed. Trigo had a half-remembrance of his time in the world within a world.





The court was empty as uncle and nephew left by the window and stole out of the palace.

We'll find ourselves a pair of good mounts and ride for the exit to the outside world.



Some time later, mounted on speedy breeds, they were thundering across the subterranean plain. But soon...

It's the alarm! They're looking for me!



Within a short time, a cohort of guards was in hot pursuit of the runaways.

They went that way, master! Two men from the outer world!



The Trigans reached the vast staircase carved from the living rock... and they raced to the top.



They emerged into the icy blast of the great ice barrier.

They'll be on our heels! Let's go that way... and quickly!



Hand over hand, uncle and nephew clawed their way down the ice-covered mountain face. And then... disaster!

Aaaaaaaaahhhhhh!





# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

The ex-Emperor Trigo and his nephew Janno are escaping from the subterranean world beneath the great ice barrier, where Trigo has lately been the ruler of the strange race of people who dwell there. While descending the ice barrier, Janno falls.

Janno's cartwheeling form struck the edge of a steep-sided glacier . . . and he was carried down, down, down.

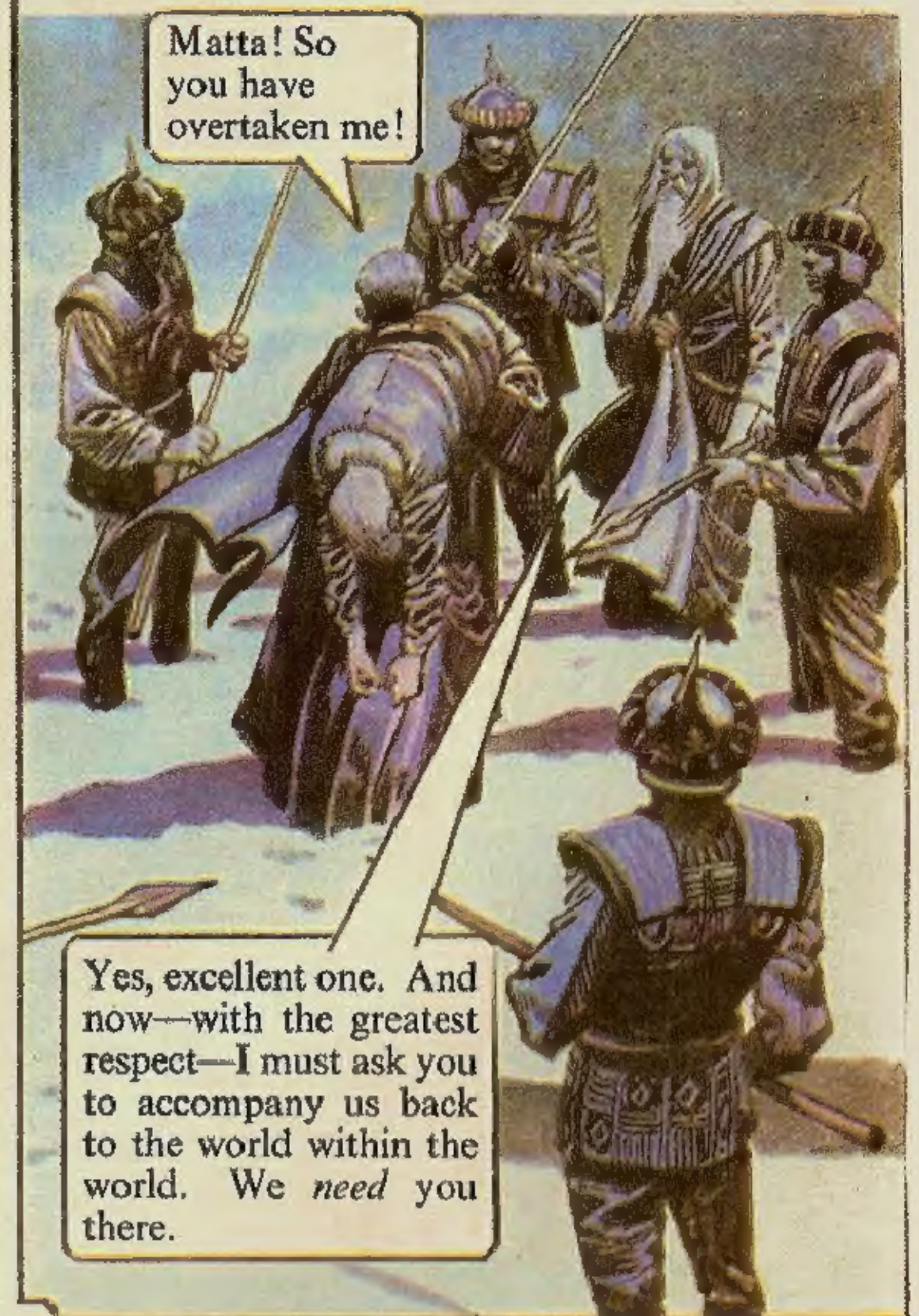


Trigo descended with great difficulty, and Elekton's suns were low on the horizon when at last he knelt beside the huddled figure at the end of the glacier.



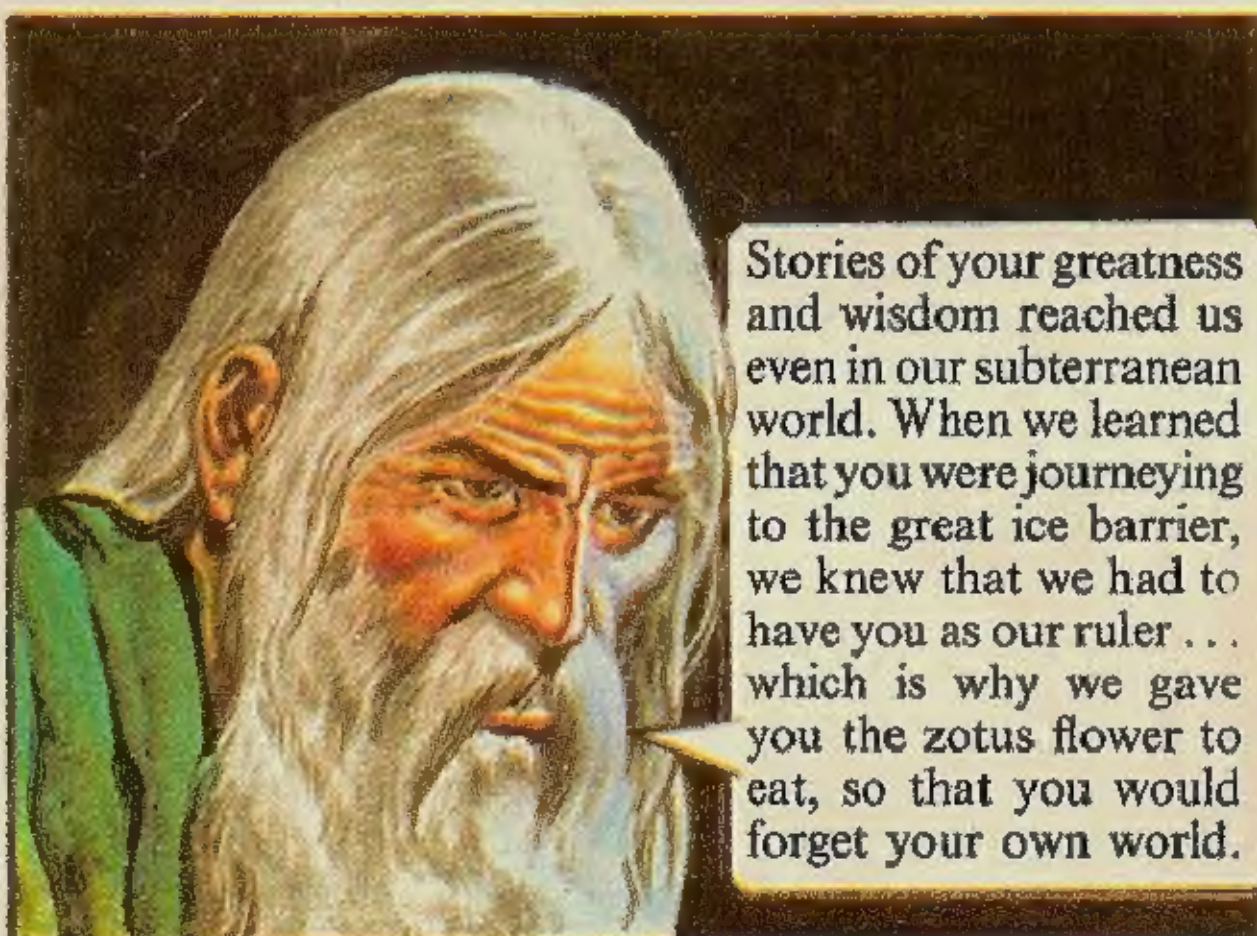
He's still alive! Thank the stars!

Hoisting his nephew's limp form on to his broad back, Trigo set off through driving snow. But he had not gone far, when . . .



Matta! So you have overtaken me!

Yes, excellent one. And now—with the greatest respect—I must ask you to accompany us back to the world within the world. We need you there.



Stories of your greatness and wisdom reached us even in our subterranean world. When we learned that you were journeying to the great ice barrier, we knew that we had to have you as our ruler . . . which is why we gave you the zotus flower to eat, so that you would forget your own world.

Trigo answered gravely.



But I am needed back in Trigan City. Listen, Matta. I will strike a bargain with you. Let me return to my own people, and your people will be admitted as members of the Trigan Empire.

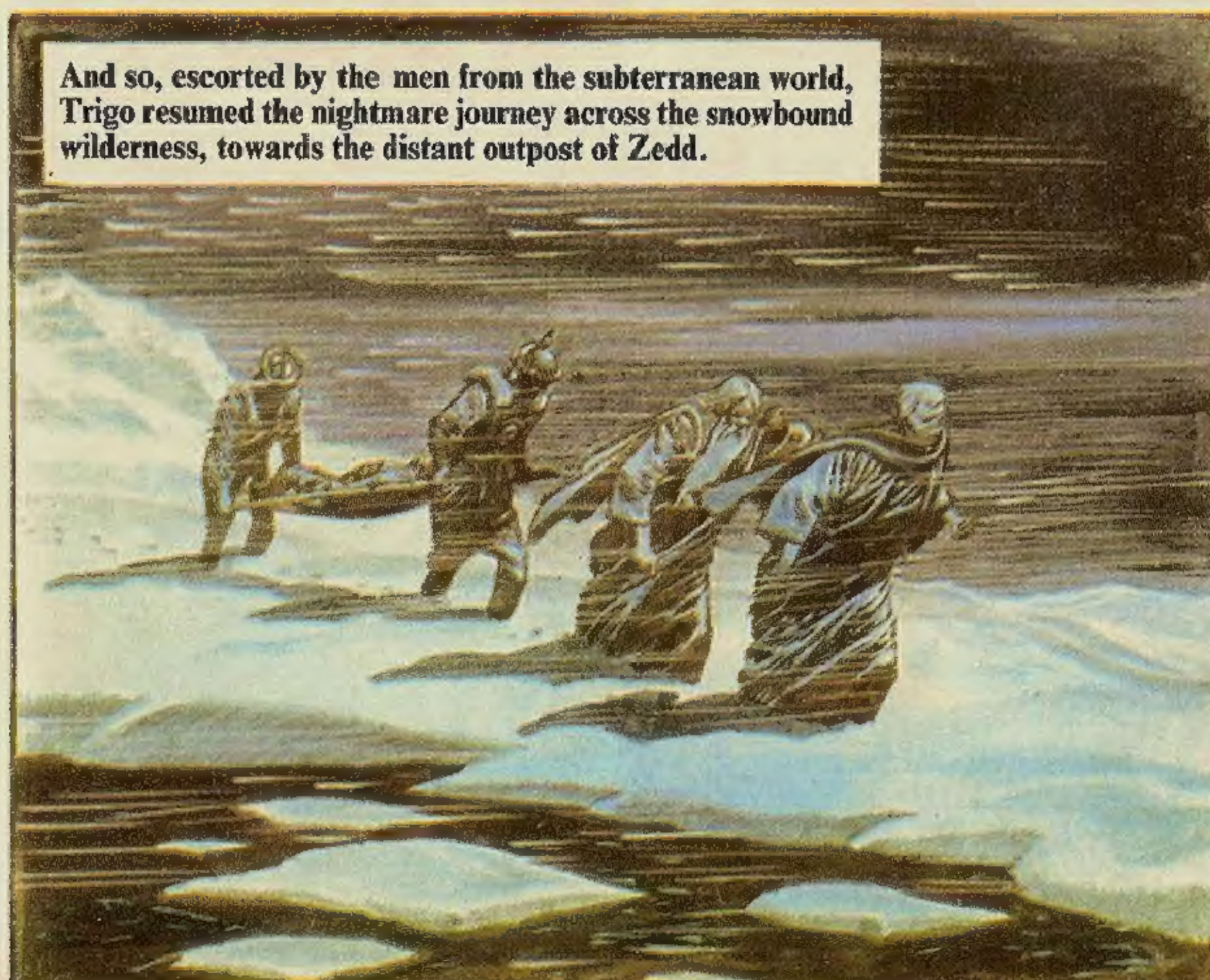
There was a moment's silence. And then . . .



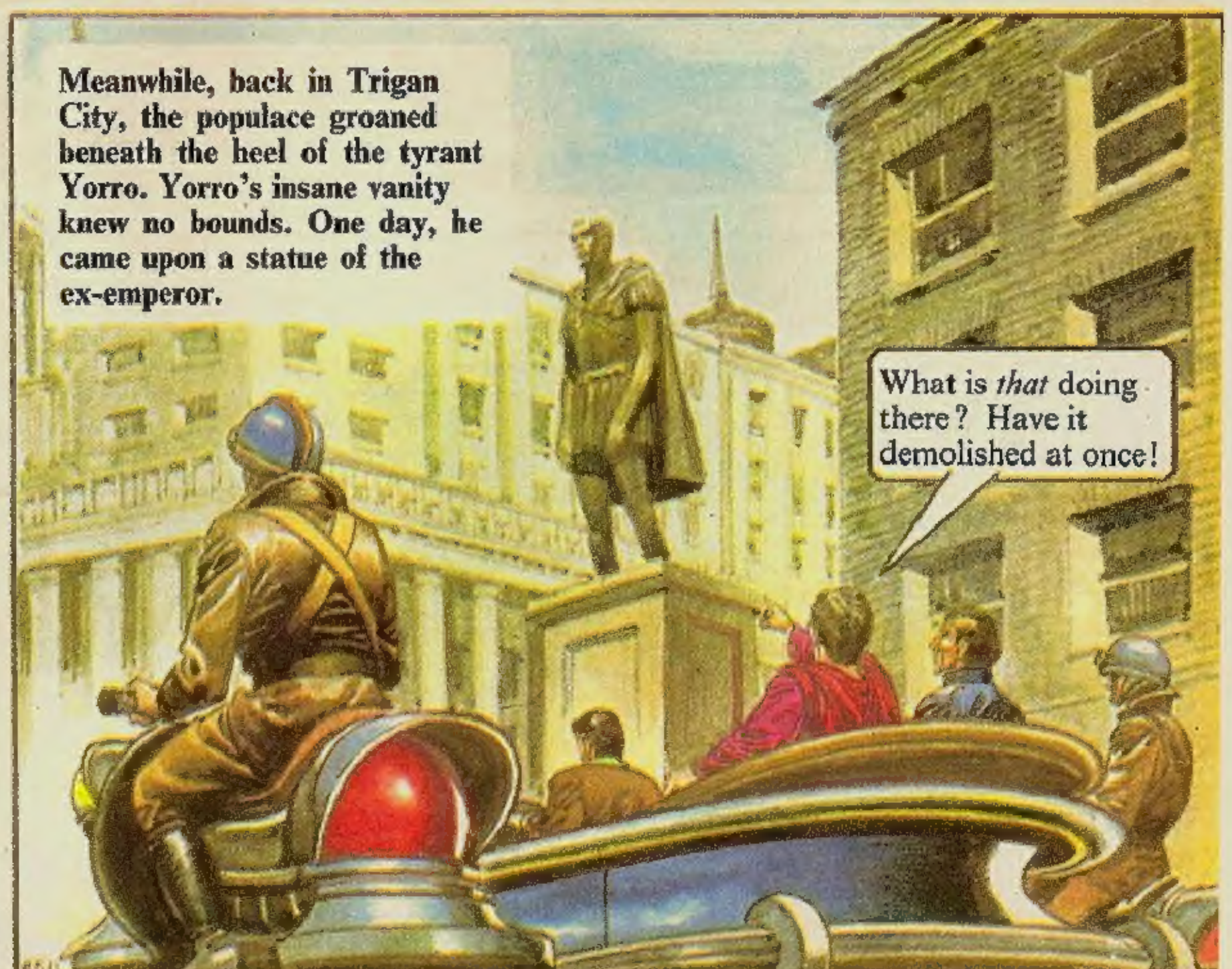
You trust me?

I trust you! It is a bargain!

And so, escorted by the men from the subterranean world, Trigo resumed the nightmare journey across the snowbound wilderness, towards the distant outpost of Zedd.

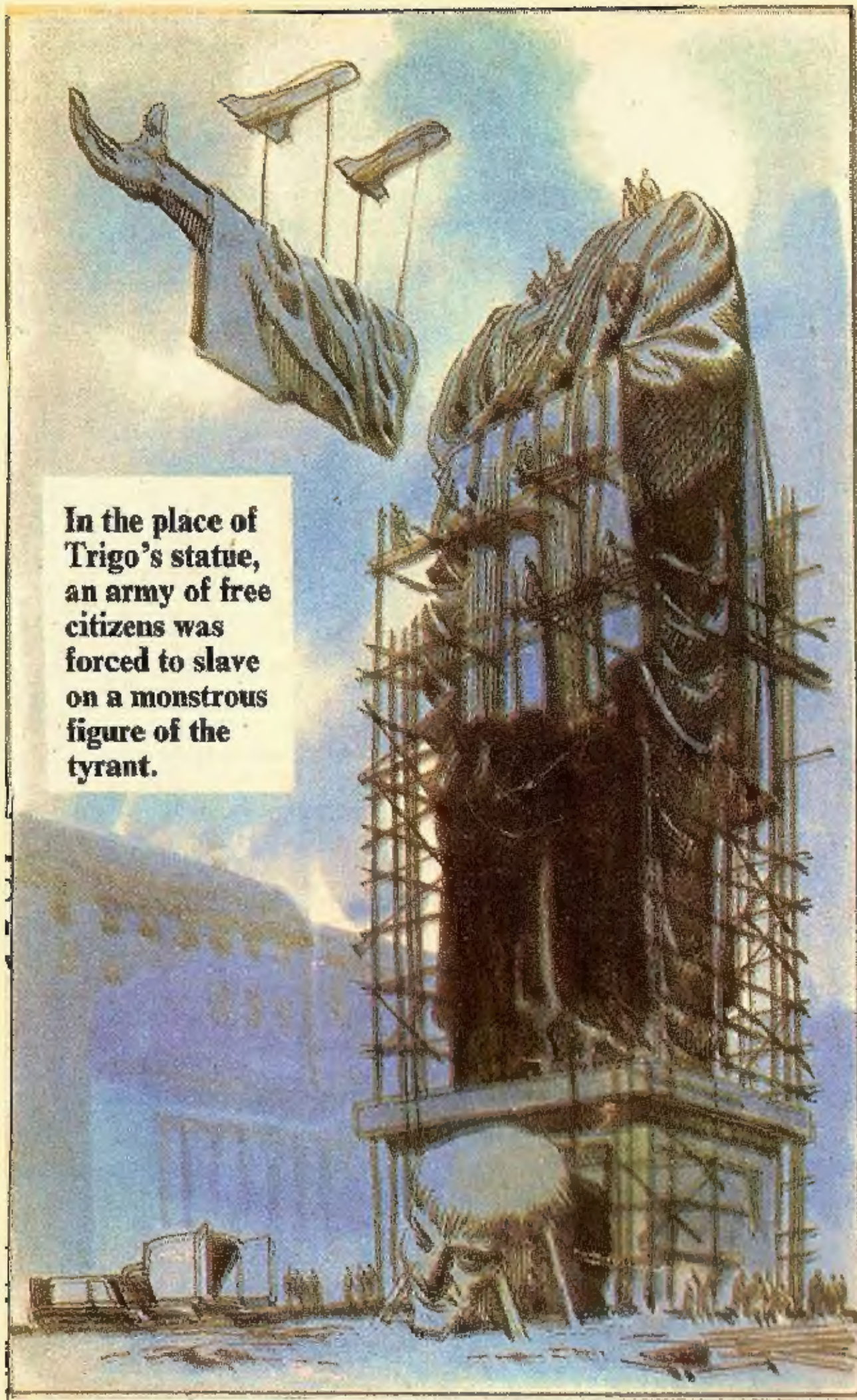


Meanwhile, back in Trigan City, the populace groaned beneath the heel of the tyrant Yorro. Yorro's insane vanity knew no bounds. One day, he came upon a statue of the ex-emperor.



What is *that* doing there? Have it demolished at once!



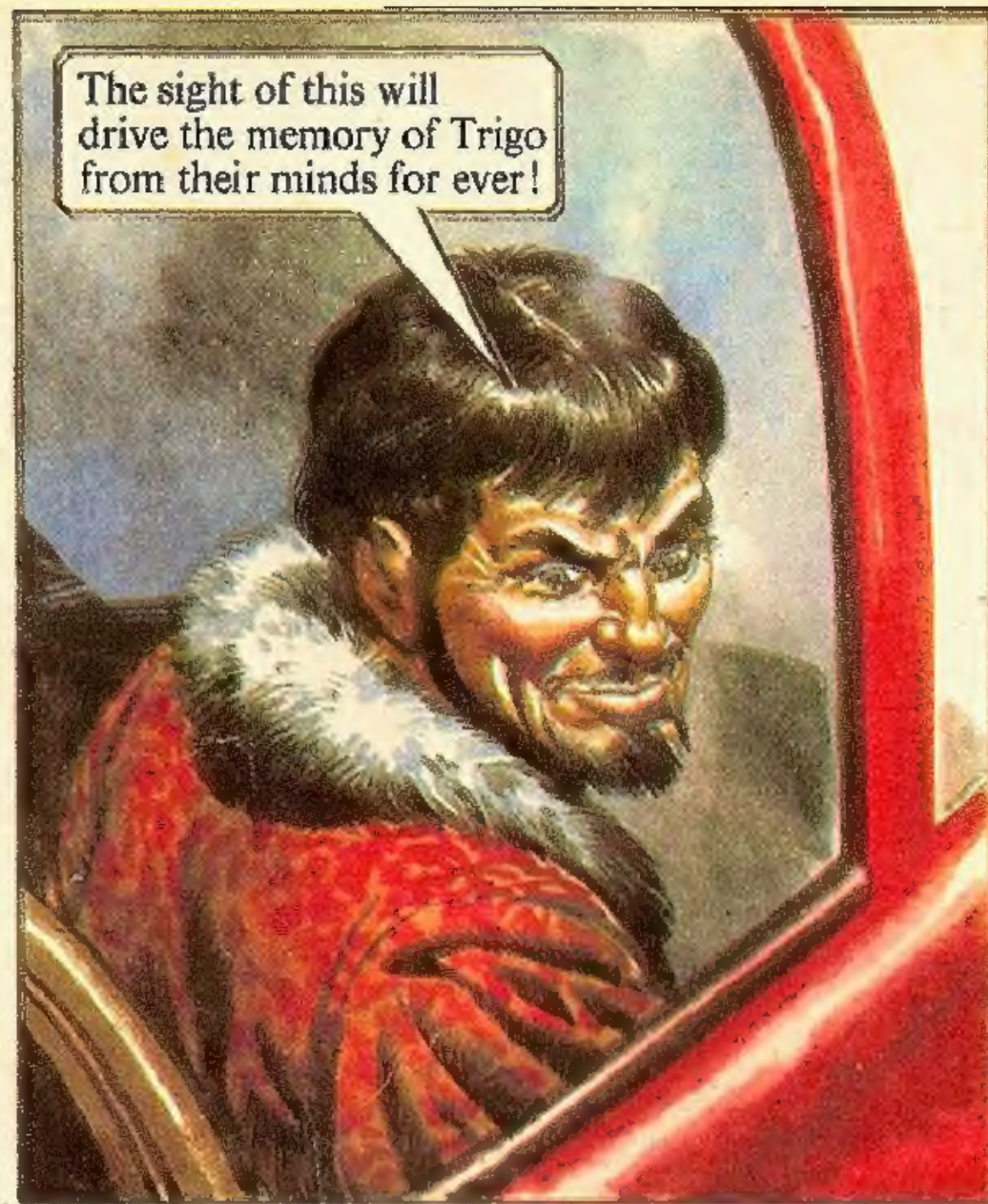


In the place of Trigo's statue, an army of free citizens was forced to slave on a monstrous figure of the tyrant.



When it was finished, Yorro flew round it.

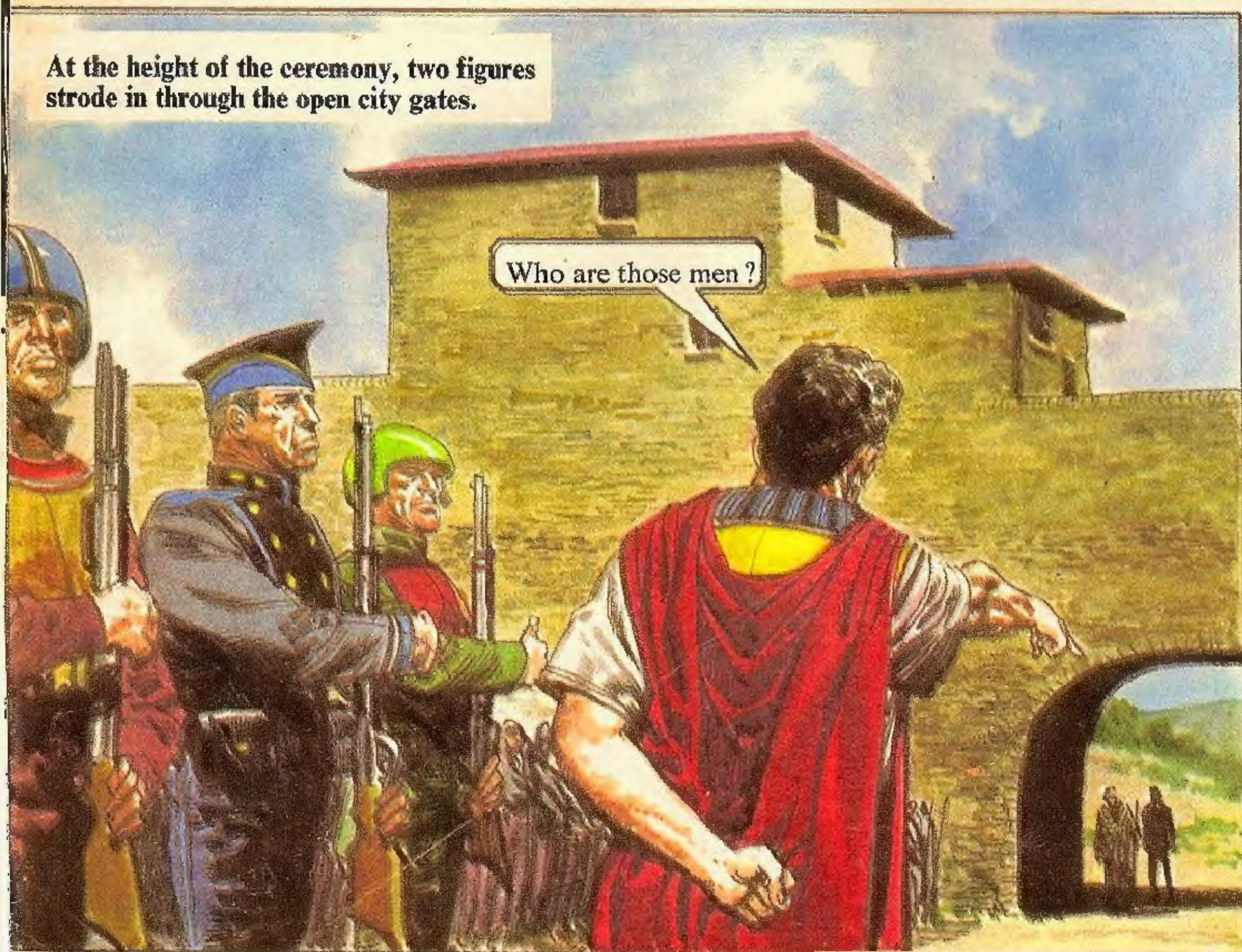
It will go down in history as one of the wonders of the planet Elekton!



The sight of this will drive the memory of Trigo from their minds for ever!

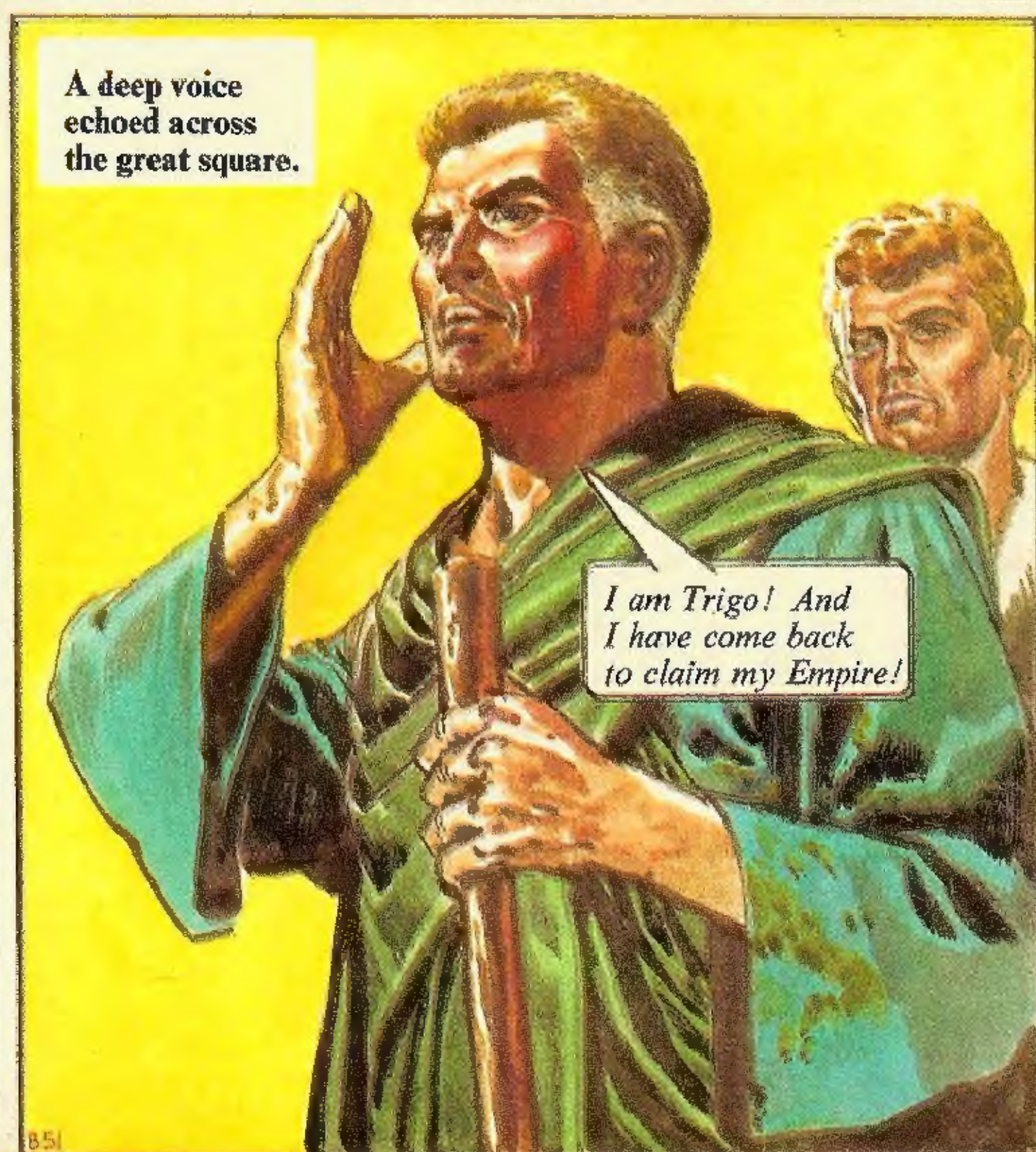


At the dedication of the huge figure, the Trigan armed forces marched past the tyrant, while the air fleet dipped in salute overhead.



At the height of the ceremony, two figures strode in through the open city gates.

Who are those men?



A deep voice echoed across the great square.

I am Trigo! And I have come back to claim my Empire!



# THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

After many thrilling adventures in the remote frozen continent, the ex-Emperor Trigo has returned to Trigan City to overthrow the tyrant Yorro.

Trigo strode slowly forward towards Yorro . . . and the guards parted ranks to let him pass.



Strike him down! Strike him down! I command you!

Yorro's voice rose in a fear-stricken wail.



Why do you not obey me? Am I not your beloved ruler? Did I not increase your pay by tenfold out of my own pocket?

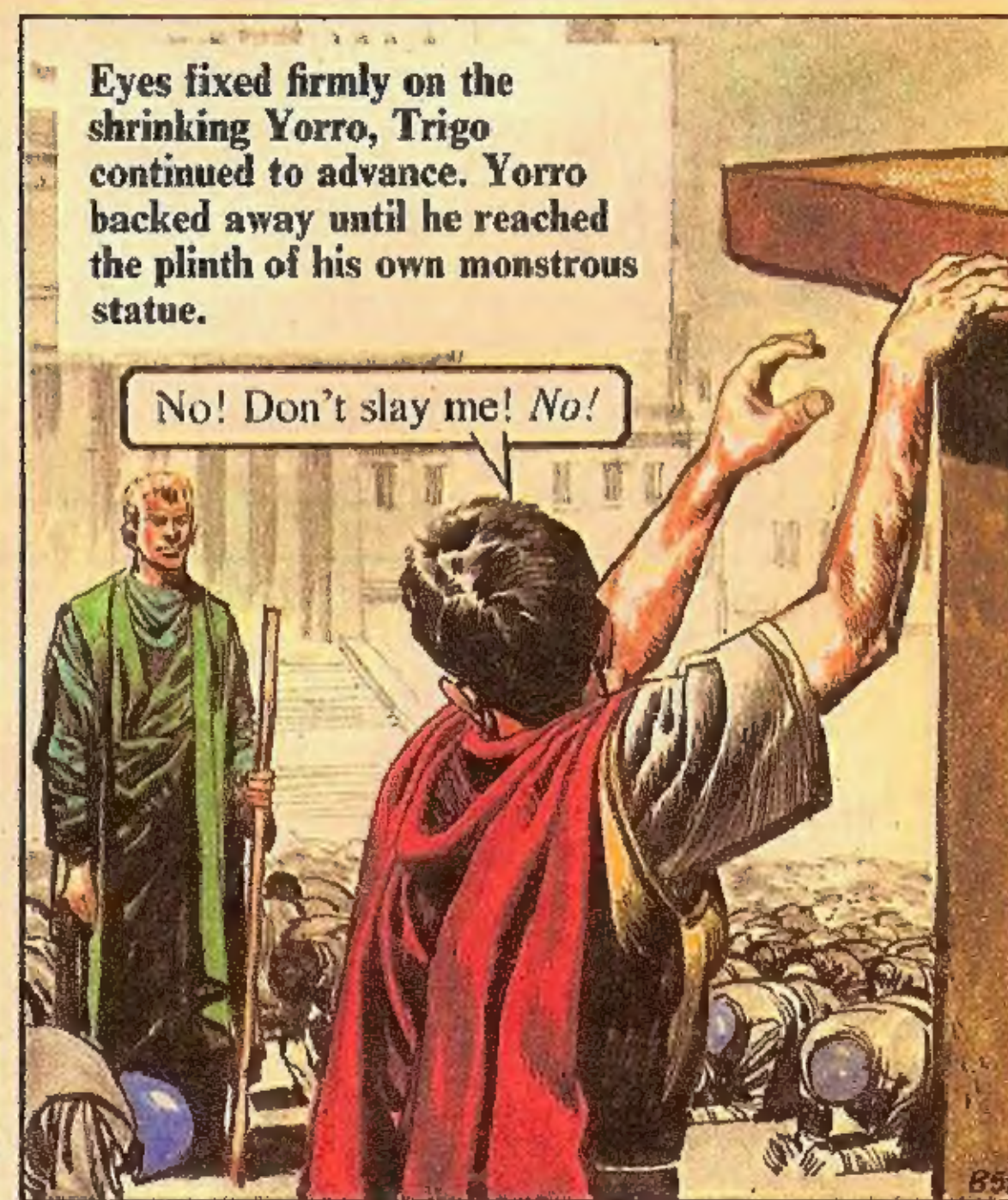
Ignoring the tyrant, the guards laid their weapons on the ground and knelt before Trigo.



Pardon us, Imperial Majesty!

We have wronged your glorious memory and betrayed our country!

Eyes fixed firmly on the shrinking Yorro, Trigo continued to advance. Yorro backed away until he reached the plinth of his own monstrous statue.



No! Don't slay me! No!

Sobbing with terror, he began to climb . . . and Trigo followed.



Yorro reached the massive arm, and backed along it . . . pleading.



Let me go free, I beg you, Trigo! I will make you the richest man on Elekton. My brilliant mathematical mind will be at your disposal!



Then when the pleading failed . . . *treachery!*



Perish, curse you!

The projectile missed Trigo, but the report alarmed a flock of birds nesting on the massive head of the statue. They took flight, screaming in alarm . . . and. . .

Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhh!

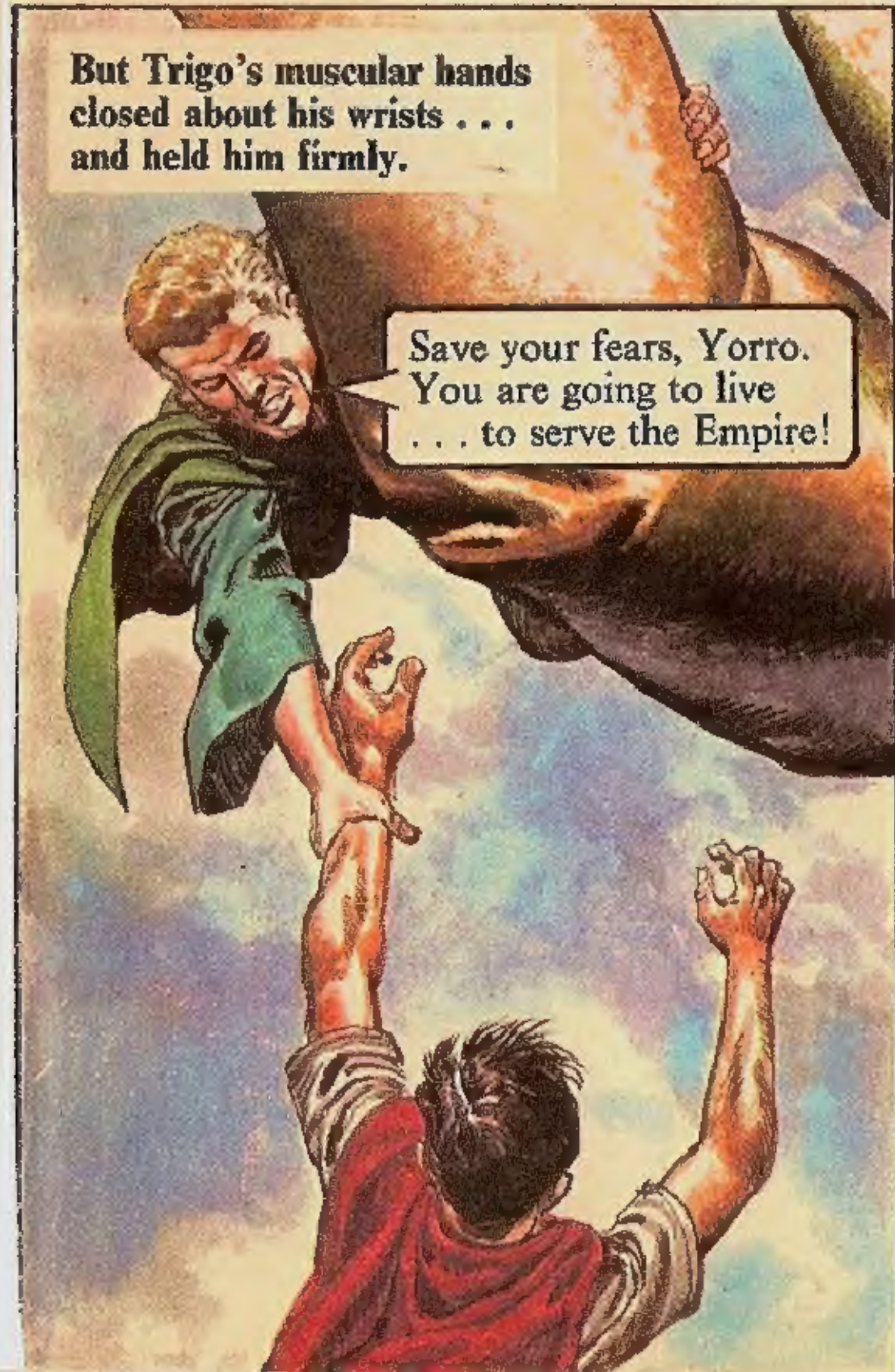


Yorro fell! His hands closed round the massive fingers . . . and began to slip.



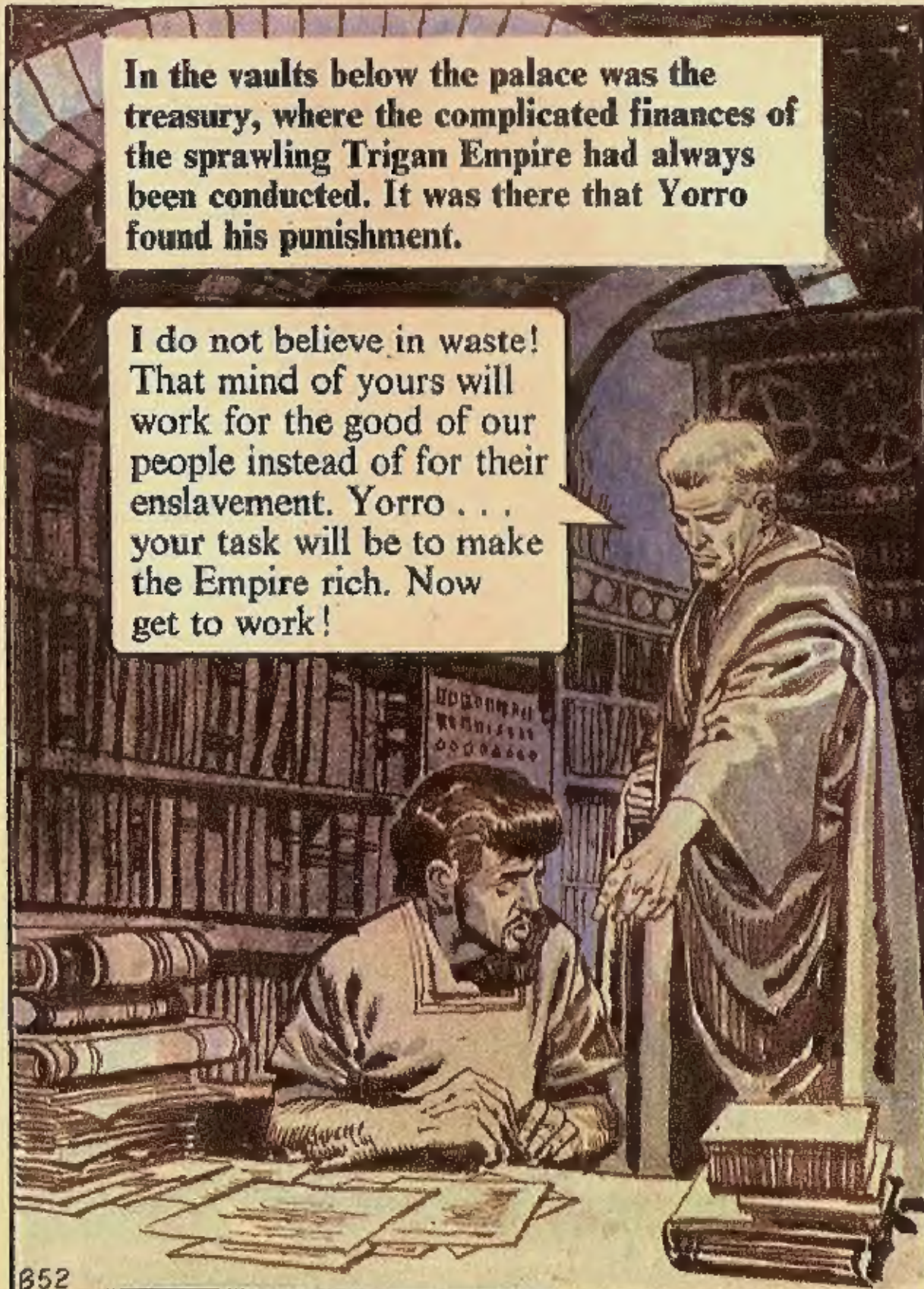
Don't . . . don't let me drop!

But Trigo's muscular hands closed about his wrists . . . and held him firmly.



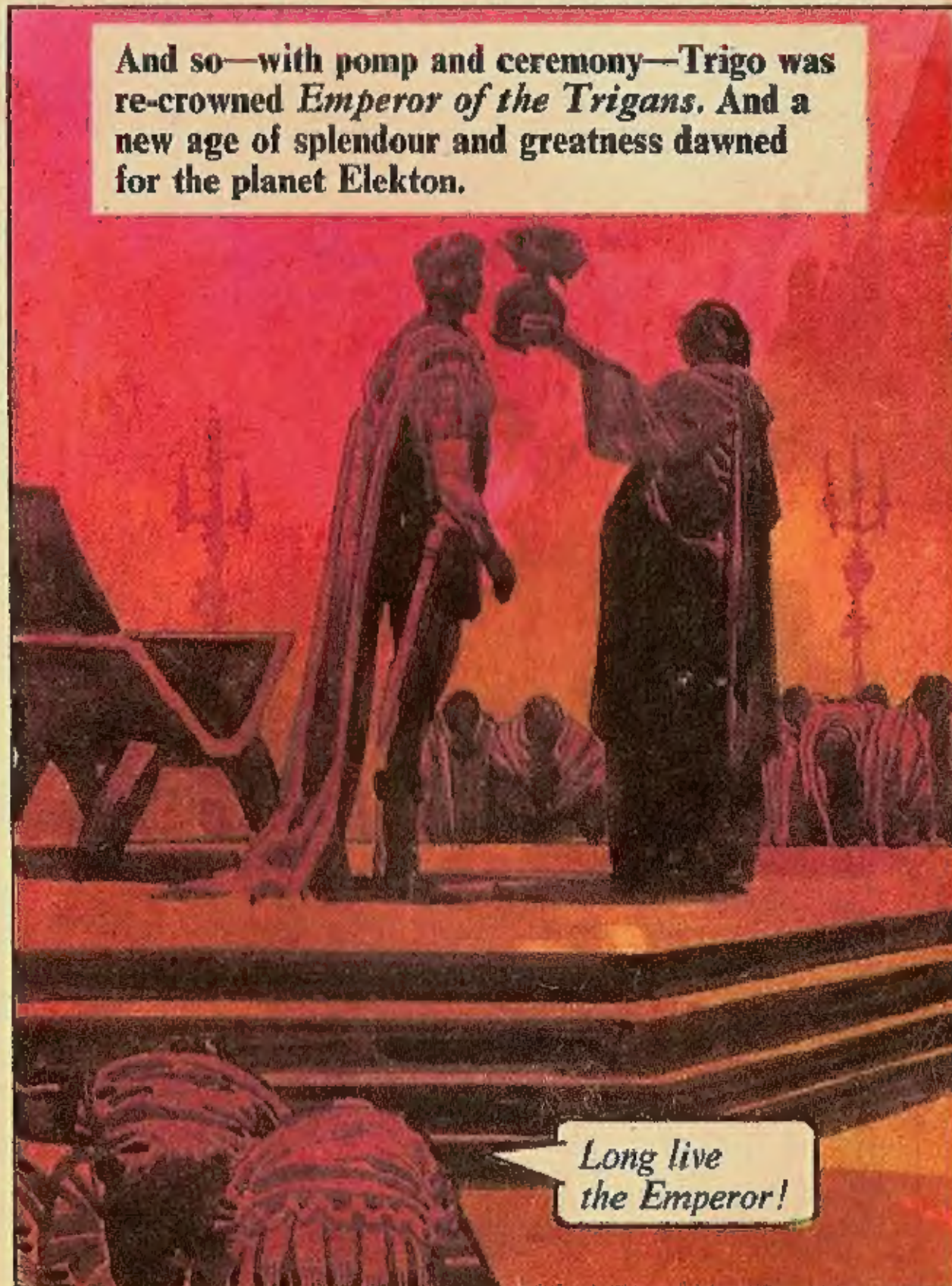
Save your fears, Yorro. You are going to live . . . to serve the Empire!

In the vaults below the palace was the treasury, where the complicated finances of the sprawling Trigan Empire had always been conducted. It was there that Yorro found his punishment.



I do not believe in waste! That mind of yours will work for the good of our people instead of for their enslavement. Yorro . . . your task will be to make the Empire rich. Now get to work!

And so—with pomp and ceremony—Trigo was re-crowned *Emperor of the Trigans*. And a new age of splendour and greatness dawned for the planet Elekton.



Long live the Emperor!